



No. 557.—Vol. XLIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



[Photograph by Ellis and Walery.]

LADY ARLINGTON (MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH).

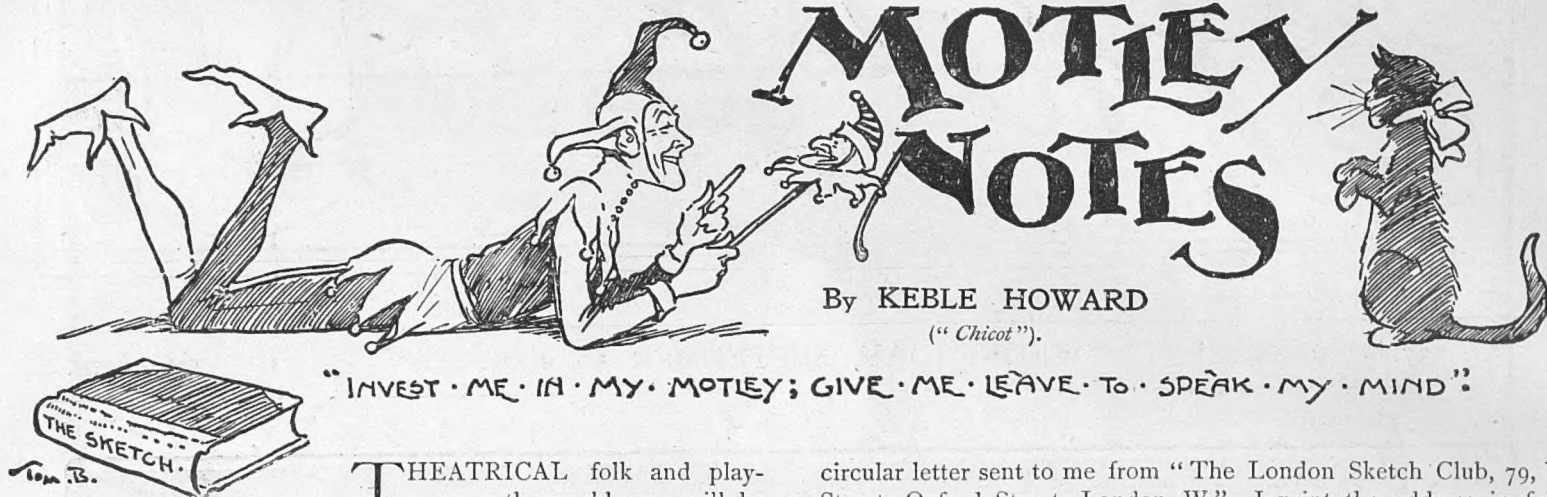
RANDOLPH CARLINGBY (MR. FRANK MILLS).

A SCENE FROM "THE GOLDEN SILENCE," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

ACT. I.—THE GARDENS AT BELLWING COURT.

LADY ARLINGTON: *I've had one whole year of unutterable happiness—for which I may have to pay.*





THEATRICAL folk and playgoers the world over will be deeply interested in Mr. Cyril Maude's history of the Haymarket Theatre, published to-day by Mr. Grant Richards. "The Haymarket Theatre: Some Records and Reminiscences," is the full title of the volume, and the editing has been done by Mr. Ralph Maude, brother of the distinguished actor. Mr. Ralph Maude, whose journalistic tendencies have found vent in several London weeklies, recently contributed a series of articles to this paper that caused a good deal of discussion among lounging Londoners. Unfortunately, I am not at liberty to disclose the title of the series; but I may, perhaps, be allowed to inform you that another set of articles from the same pen is likely to appear in *The Sketch* before the end of the year. In the meantime, I have to congratulate the brothers Maude on their capital book. One extract will serve to show the very intimate nature of the work: "I dare swear," writes Mr. Cyril Maude, "that without Winifred Emery the partnership of Messrs. Harrison and Maude would never have come even within the range of possibilities. We may have been fortunate in the selection of our plays, careful in the selection of our casts, happy in the choice of our performers. But our management—and I speak with a husband's pardonable pride—would never have been launched on successful voyages without her who was the mainstay of it until illness laid her low not a few months since. I write, though none will believe it, from the hard, brutal heart of a joint-manager in natural gratitude to one who has all through been an ideal leading lady." The tribute is as touching as it is delightful.

The sensation of the theatrical season, up to the present, was the ejaculation of the one word "Stomach!" at the end of Mr. Barrie's new play, "Little Mary." Whether the audience on the second night thought the joke a good one, I do not know, but the roar of laughter that greeted the enunciation of the word on the first-night would certainly have repaid Mr. Barrie, had he been in the house, for the extraordinary pains he took to keep the theme of his play a secret. We all laughed at the joke, some of us because we were genuinely amused, others because it was evidently the thing to laugh. I am bound to admit that I was among the latter. I had been thinking, you see, of the first performance of "The Admirable Crichton," and my recollections of that joyous evening led me to expect too much of "Little Mary." For, as you will have gathered from those fearless fellows, the critics, "Little Mary" can scarcely be called a play. "A gentle jest in two Acts and a prologue" would be a more fitting description. For all that, the pleasant trifle should fill Wyndham's Theatre for some little time to come, and will probably prove a popular digest. The mere fact that the curtain does not rise until 8.45 will enhance the value of Mr. Barrie's moral, for the stalls and boxes are pretty sure to take advantage of the extra time thus allowed to them for dinner.

By the way, Mr. Barrie is not the first distinguished Scotchman to preach moderation in feeding. My Scotch readers will remember that the celebrated Dr. Abernethy, who flourished in the earlier part of the last century, persistently maintained that the majority of ills, physical or mental, came from the overworking of "little Mary." "Madam," he used to say to ladies who sought his advice, "you eat too much!" With his male patients, I understand, he was less ceremonious.

"VERY IMPORTANT." Such was the naïve phrase, appropriately set in the blackest of black type, that stood at the head of a

circular letter sent to me from "The London Sketch Club, 79, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W." I print the address in full, for therein lies the explanation of the letter's importance. The London Sketch Club, you must know, has taken to itself a Clubhouse. "What of that?" says the casual reader. Silly casual reader! Can't you understand that this new move on the part of the London Sketch Club is likely to have the greatest possible influence on the future of English Art? At any rate, I, as a humble literary member of the Club, appreciate to the full the significance of the new Clubhouse. I foresee all sorts of impressionist suppers and epoch-making hobnobbing! But there is other matter in the letter. Mr. John Hassall, I read, is to succeed Mr. Dudley Hardy as President for the coming year, and Mr. Lee Hankey (not so well known to *Sketch* friends, perhaps, but an admirable artist, for all that) is to be Vice-President. Moreover, I learn from the circular that the future Autumn and Spring Exhibitions will be held at the Doré Gallery, 35, New Bond Street, W. Patrons of Art who desire to prove themselves worthy of the name are advised to make a note of that address.

I have often expressed in these motley notes my scorn of those who attend the first performance of new plays in order to gratify their hooligan instincts by hooting at dramatic authors. Whether my remarks upon the subject have proved of interest to the majority of readers I know not, but I have, at any rate, the satisfaction of remembering that more than one member of a Club of playgoers took the trouble to denounce me publicly in no unhooligan terms. By way of sustaining the interest that these gentlemen are good enough to take in my humble jottings, I may mention that a singularly caddish note was struck in the gallery of the Garrick Theatre on the first-night of Mr. Haddon Chambers's "Golden Silence." The play, as we all know, was not a brilliant piece of stage-writing, but that was no excuse for the ear-piercing hoots that greeted the appearance of the author. My one hope is that the hooligans, by persisting in their bearishness, will kill the goose that lays the golden egg. That is to say, in course of time the dramatic author may learn that the really dignified course is to remain snugly ensconced behind the proscenium while the manager glibly announces that he is not in the house. This is the one way to make the hooligan weep—charge him a shilling for a shilling's-worth of fun.

Before I close, I desire to call the attention of every would-be writer, male or female, to a new book by Mr. Arnold Bennett, entitled "How to Become an Author." Mr. Bennett calls his volume "a practical guide," and I can assure you, having studied the book from fly-leaf to fly-leaf, that the description exactly hits off the nature of the work. The one chapter to which I take exception is that on "Play-writing"; I cannot admit that "the playgoing public does not like artistic or truthful plays," or that "every successful play of serious pretensions has made glaring concessions of sentimentality to the public taste." But the chapters on "Short Stories" and "Journalism" are full of common-sense and real knowledge, and so are the hints with regard to "The Business Side of Books." To my mind, however, the chief value of Mr. Bennett's remarks lies in the fact that he does not give the least encouragement to those who are not born to the trade of journalism or the profession of literature. Every editor should do his best to push "How to Become an Author"; no book ever written on the subject was better calculated to frighten the amateur, that tiresome and lachrymose creature, away from Fleet Street.



MR. BARRIE'S STOMACHIC JOKE AT WYNDHAM'S.



SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "LITTLE MARY" SKETCHED BY RALPH CLEAVER.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Admiral and General—The Jokes of the Services at Each Other's Expense.*

A DIET of horseflesh and biscuit is not good for any man's digestion, and many of the gallant defenders of Ladysmith suffered from dyspepsia for a long time after the siege. Some of them evidently were still under its ill-effects when the Commission on the War was sitting, and the pretty interchange of compliments

between Admiral and General may be classed with those rough terms of endearment which Tommy Atkins and Jack pass each other in the streets of sea-port garrison-towns. If this were not so, I fancy that the general public might agree with a horny-handed son of toil whom I heard hold forth on the subject. "Seems to me," he said, "both on 'em deserve to lose their job."

In days gone by there used to be a certain amount of friction between the Army and Navy, but that, like many other bad things associated with the "good old times," has passed away, and the two

THE LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry. (See page 368.)*

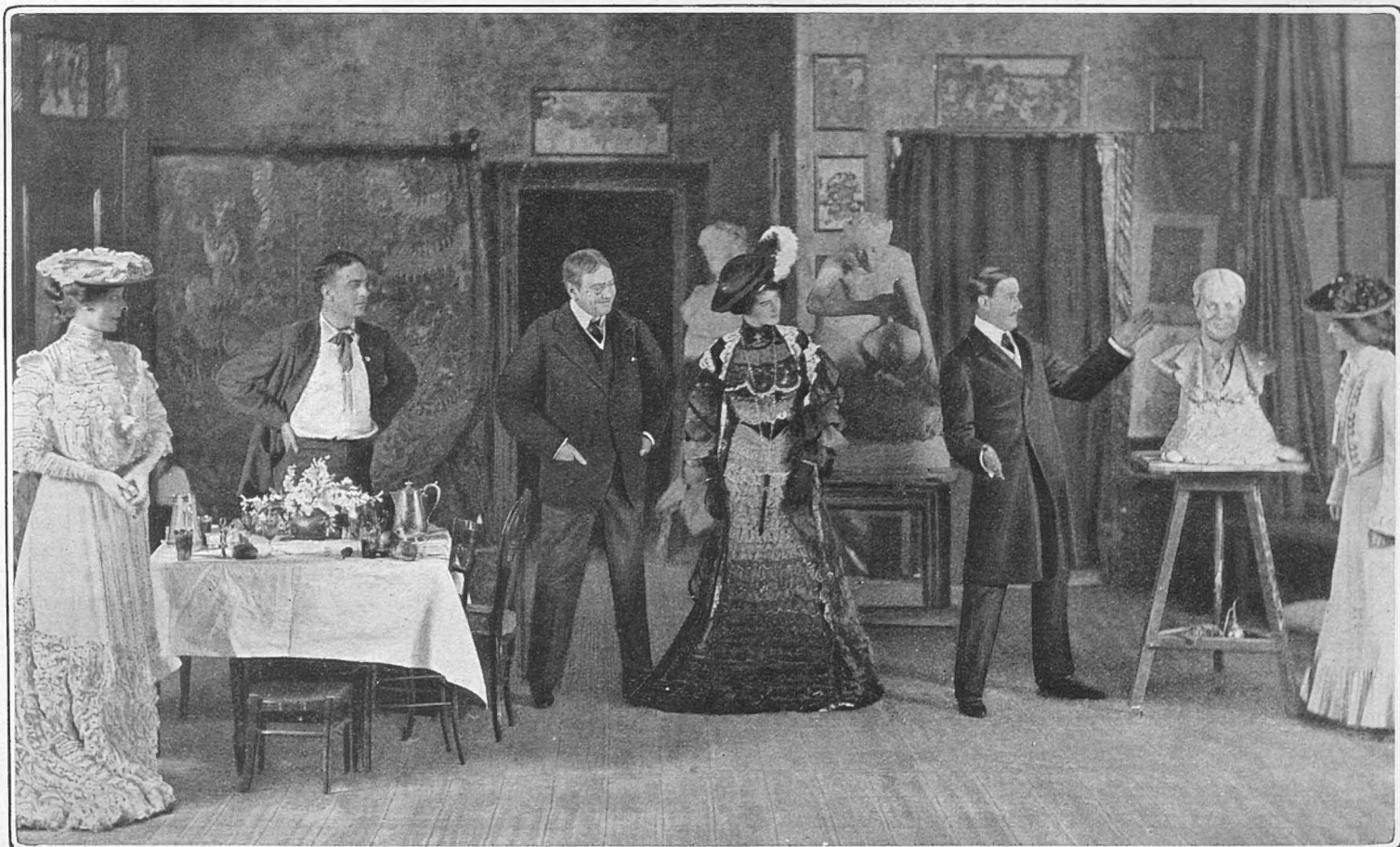
great fighting Services work together with perfect smoothness, though a sailor is always rather glad of a joke at a soldier's expense, and a soldier likes to have a laugh at a sailor. It has always been a comfort to the men of the sea that they are the senior of the two Services, that they take the right of the line at a shore review, and that their Lieutenants rank with Army officers of more important titles. A soldier off parade never expects to be addressed by his title unless he is a Captain or some senior rank, but a Lieutenant in the Navy expects his rank to appear upon any envelope addressed to him. Nowadays, troops are carried in hired transports, and Tommy and

his officers do not come under man-of-war discipline as often as they used in old days. This has decreased the number of good stories the Navy can tell against the sister Service.

The soldiers retaliated when they could get a sailor ashore and on horseback. Many naval officers are excellent horsemen, just as many soldiers love the sea; but I should fancy that the odds would be about two to one against the average naval officer remaining for any length of time on a restive horse, and when a young sailor on shore is supplied by the Army with a steed, it is not, as a rule, a quiet one. At the capital of one of the Colonies where I once served, it was the custom for the Admiral on the station to attend the "Birthday Parade" on shore, and he and his Staff officers were generally supplied with horses by the soldiers. The Admiral, of course, always was given a charger just as well-conducted and sober as that bestriden by the General—an animal which appeared to enjoy the *feu-de-joie* and never so much as pricked its ears when the big drum was beaten under its nose; but if a Middy was brought by the Admiral as a naval galloper, something very choice in horseflesh was generally provided for him. The tales of his experiences which the Middy generally told in the Mess, where the sailors lunched after the ceremony, were as stirring accounts of peril and adventure as any boy could wish for.

## THE SCAWFELL DISASTER.

The present season has been one of the most prolific in mountain accidents within memory. Not a day has passed during the last few weeks without news of one or more fatal accidents being received. Naturally most of these have occurred in the Alpine district, but none has exceeded in sheer tragedy the Cumberland disaster of the 21st inst., when four gentlemen lost their lives in the attempt to scale Scawfell Pinnacle from Lord's Rake. The victims were Mr. H. L. Jupp, of Croydon; Mr. Stanley Ridsdale, of Kew; Mr. A. E. W. Garrett, of Wallington, Surrey; and Mr. R. W. Broadrick, of Fettes College, Edinburgh. These unfortunate gentlemen met with another party of climbers—Messrs. Webb, Slade, and Williamson—and joined them at luncheon, about two o'clock, on a spot known as the "Rake's Progress," after which the parties separated, each bent on a different climb. On Mr. Webb and his companions returning, they were horrified to find the four friends lying roped together at the foot of the Pinnacle, Mr. Ridsdale alone being alive, but shockingly injured. The pathos of the sad event was heightened by the fact that Mr. Ridsdale was quite unaware that his friends were dead and begged Mr. Webb's party to leave him and attend to them. Mr. Williamson hurried off to Westwater and returned with a rescue-party and doctors, when, as it was now quite dark and the way exceedingly dangerous, it was decided to leave the three bodies and convey Mr. Ridsdale to the hotel. The journey was slow and tedious, and before the party reached Westwater, in the early hours of Tuesday morning, Mr. Ridsdale also was dead. The bodies of his friends were not brought down till three in the afternoon.

Lady Arlington  
(Miss Violet Vanbrugh).Randolph Carlingby  
(Mr. Frank Mills).Augustus Mapes  
(Mr. Arthur Bouchier).Mrs. Tom Carlingby  
(Miss Dorothy Grimston).Sir Charles Wallford, Bart.  
(Mr. Kenneth Douglas).*Photograph by Ellis and Walery.*

A SCENE FROM "THE GOLDEN SILENCE," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE: ACT. II.—CARLINGBY'S STUDIO.

SIR CHARLES: *Why! the bust is a bit like Mapes!*



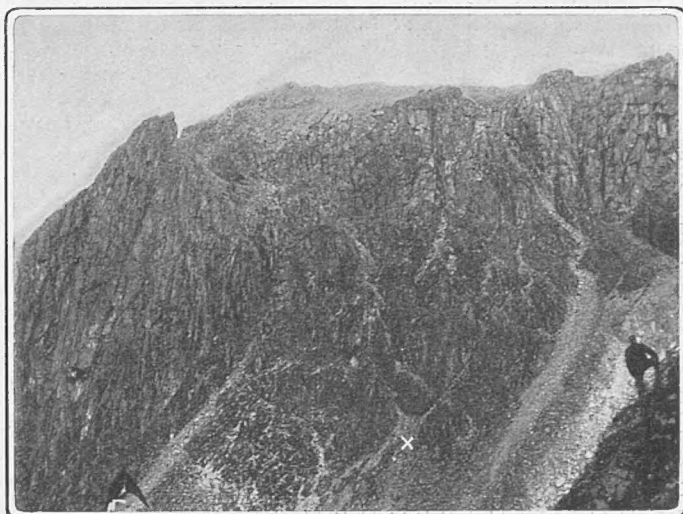
# THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINEERING TRAGEDY:

VIEWS OF SCAWFELL AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.



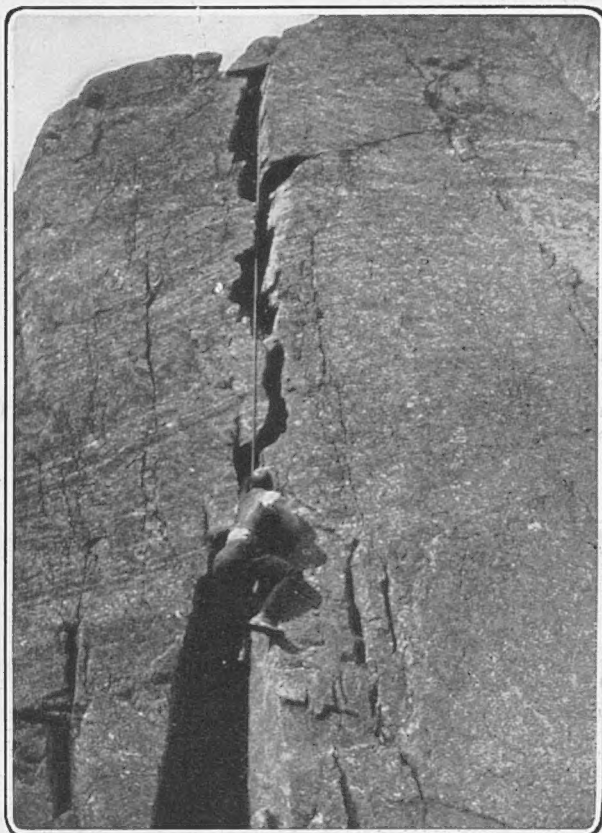
"WASTWATER HOTEL."

*The inn from which the party started and to which the bodies were afterwards taken.*



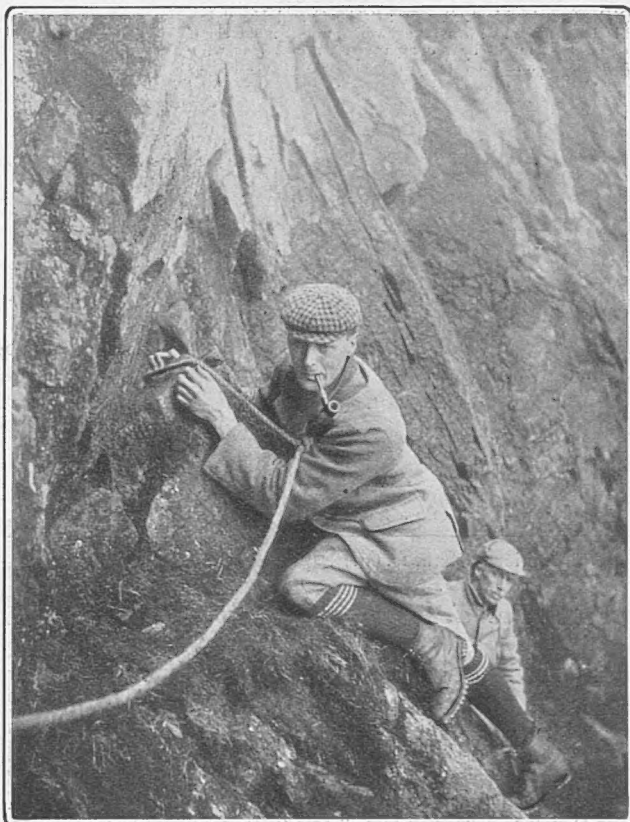
X THE SPOT WHERE THE BODIES WERE FOUND.

*Mr. Webb, who discovered the victims of the tragedy, is to the right of the picture.*



"KERN KNOTT'S CRACK," A TYPICAL "CHIMNEY" ON SCAWFELL.

*The climber in this photograph met with a fall of 30 to 40 feet, but was not killed.*

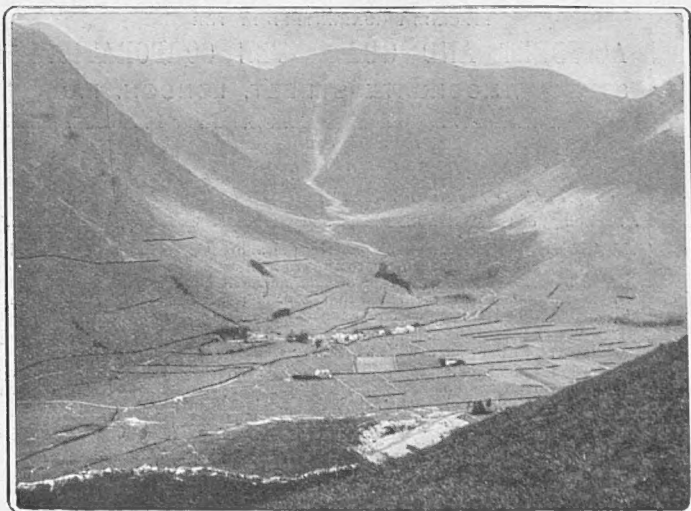


ON THE FACE OF SCAWFELL: CLIMBERS "BELAYING."

*The victims of the recent disaster failed to take this necessary precaution.*



A WET DAY ON WASTWATER.



A GENERAL VIEW OF WASTDALE.

(See Opposite Page.)



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Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the  
same risk.

Sept. 30, 1903.

Signature.....

## THE LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

The death of the venerable Duke of Richmond and Gordon came as a  
surprise to most people, for it was not generally known that his Grace  
was ill. The Duke was unwell some three weeks ago, but had so far  
recovered that he was able to go out at the beginning of last week in  
the grounds of Gordon Castle and about the village. However, on  
Thursday he was seized with a severe rigor, and on Saturday was  
conscious only at intervals, passing away soon after midnight. The  
Duke was in his eighty-sixth year.

### "VINELAND," AT THE EMPIRE.

There was a young cellarman who was crossed in love and took  
to drink. He went so far as to mix his drinks recklessly, and  
then a strange thing happened. Alcohol appeared to him, followed  
by Bacchus and the Spirits of Rhine wine, sherry, claret, and  
champagne, who were very angry and expressed their emotion in the  
orthodox manner. At this point the plot of the new Empire ballet  
ceased to be, and the scenes changed, from the wine-vaults to the banks  
of the Rhine at midnight, thence to the port of Oporto, and, finally, to  
the champagne district at vintage-time. I did not see any more of the  
young man whose *delirium tremens* took such delightful form; he may  
have been about, but he did not matter. All my attention was  
demanded by dazzling groups of Bacchanals, amongst whom the Spirits  
of favourite wines passed to and fro in gorgeous apparel. The festival  
of brave colour, rhythmic movement, and entrancing music was more  
exhilarating than the wine it glorified. There have been ballets at the  
Empire more definite in their appeal by reason of a sustained dramatic  
interest—an interest that "Vineland" lacks, but I have never seen  
one that was more gay, sparkling, irresistible. Madame Lanner's  
organisation is admirable in its freshness, and M. Wenzel's score  
shows him at his best.

Mdlle. Zanfretta returns to the Empire after long absence, and  
takes the part of Bacchus. Ada Vincent makes the Lorelei so  
attractive that the dangers of the Rhine to susceptible youth become  
undeniable. Signor Santini and Miss Paston have very small parts,  
owing to the limitations of the story that serves the ballet.

"Vineland" is quite a delightful production. I can't think that  
any house in Europe could have treated the subject with more delicate  
fancy or more tasteful expenditure. A strong dramatic interest  
would have been an improvement, but, as the ballet is short and very  
bright, the absence of a sustained plot may pass unnoticed. The  
greatest personal triumph falls to Mdlle. Genée, whose work is more  
fascinating than ever, but every effort that has made "Vineland" what  
it is deserves grateful praise.

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# SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

**A**FTER paying one or two Scottish visits, including one to Cluny Castle, which belongs to Sir Reginald Cathcart, the King will come South in order to be present at the Newmarket October Meeting, and it is thought probable that the Court will make a considerable autumn sojourn at Buckingham Palace, as the King likes to be in close touch with the various members of the Government during moments of political excitement.

Their Majesties will both be at Sandringham during part of November, and, at any rate, during the earlier part of December, and will there entertain, as in past years, large shooting-parties. It is expected that both the King and Queen will be present at the Sale of Irish Industries which is to be held at the White Hart Hotel, Windsor, in November, and which will probably take place during the King of Italy's visit to Windsor Castle.

## *The King as Highland Laird.*

Our popular Sovereign is never seen to greater advantage than in the pleasant and hospitable character of a great Highland laird. Some of His Majesty's pleasantest early recollections are bound up with Deeside. It was there that he first tasted the delight of deer-stalking, for even as a child he used to accompany Prince Albert on exciting sporting expeditions. Later on, shortly after his marriage to the lovely Danish Princess, the then Prince of Wales spent several autumns at Birkhall, and it was at this time that he and the Queen became so intimate with their future son-in-law, now Duke of Fife. Owing to Her Majesty's absence in Denmark, the King this autumn has only been able to entertain what must be called, for want of a better term, bachelor parties. Among those who have come and gone during the last few days have been the Premier, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Henry Chaplin, and the much-discussed Lord Balfour of Burleigh, while, more recently, Sir Frederick Treves, to whom the Sovereign and the nation owe so much, and Lord Esher have also been among His Majesty's guests.

## *Queen Alexandra in Denmark.*

One of the largest family-parties ever gathered together at Fredensborg is being entertained by King Christian IX., and Queen Alexandra has had the joy of spending her brief autumn holiday surrounded by her brothers, her sister, and their descendants. She and the Dowager-Empress of Russia share the charming suite of rooms which, in days gone by, used to be occupied by Alexander III., the Czarina, and their children. An interesting recent visitor to Fredensborg has been the Queen-Dowager of Italy, and, as the weather has been exceptionally fine, the aged King, his children, and his guests have been able to enjoy many delightful expeditions. It is often said that no gathering of Royal personages takes place without the announcement of at least one Royal engagement; this autumn, the betrothal of the Emperor of Russia's younger brother and heir to Princess Christian of Denmark's sister is a great event and has been celebrated with much rejoicing.

## *Another Crowned Visitor.*

As yet the arrangements concerning the Emperor of Austria's visit are not fixed, but it is quite possible that it may take place much earlier than is expected, as His Imperial Majesty will probably wish to avoid the fatigues of a sojourn in London during the Season. No Crowned Head, if Queen Alexandra's venerable father be excepted, deserves to receive a warmer welcome from the British people, for Francis Joseph, during his long life and reign, has never missed an opportunity of showing friendship and liking for England. He is a connection of our Royal Family through the marriage of his beloved and ill-fated brother, Maximilian, to King Edward's cousin, Princess Charlotte of Belgium. The handsome Archduke, who was to perish so miserably in Mexico, and the lovely Princess, who has been insane for over thirty years, wearing out her life in a Belgian palace, spent a portion of their engagement as the guests of Queen Victoria, and they were the god-parents of Princess Beatrice. The memory of those happy days is still vivid to the Emperor of Austria, and perhaps one reason why he has not oftener visited England is that this country recalls to him the first of the three great tragedies of his life.

## *The Czar and his Brother.*

The engagement of the Czarevitch to

Princess Cecile of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is of vital interest to the Emperor of Russia, who, having no son himself, must be anxious to see the throne secured to his own branch of the family. His Imperial Majesty's future sister-in-law is already connected with him, through the marriage of her sister to Prince Christian of Denmark. She has spent much of her life in France, at her mother's charming villa at Cannes, and it is probable that the most important Royal wedding of 1904 will take place on Republican soil. The Emperor and Empress of Russia will be the centre of a great gathering at Darmstadt during the next few days, for the Empress is naturally anxious to be present at the wedding of her eldest niece, Princess Alice of Battenberg.

## *Sir Harry Johnston.*

Even among the followers of Mr. Chamberlain there are many who will feel sorry that that most excellent of public servants, Sir Harry Johnston, is not to be, at any rate for the present, a member of the House of Commons. Though he is now only forty-three, he has



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AS COLONEL OF THE SCOTS GREYS.

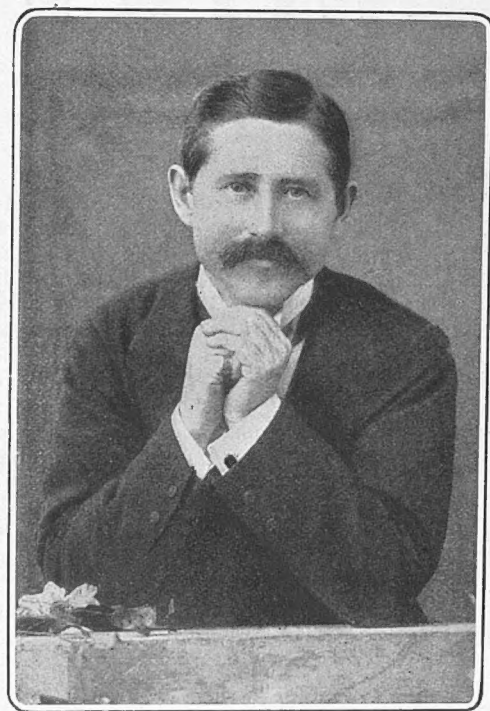
Photograph by Milne.



served Sovereign and country for over twenty years, holding first one and then another responsible position on the outskirts of the Empire. Everyone who knows him has a good word to say of Sir Harry. Like most great workers, he is a man of hobbies—a good artist and

enthusiastic photographer, a biologist, and, when he can find time for it, a journalist. He was only just over thirty when he won his "K.C.B.," and it may be doubted whether any man living is so great an authority on British Central Africa. It can be safely said that, whether as Free Trader or Fair Trader, he would be a valuable addition to those who attempt to govern our destinies at St. Stephen's.

Lord Annesley, who is about to publish a book on beautiful and rare trees and plants, has had plenty of practical experience of forestry. He and his lovely Countess have made Castlewella, their place in Ireland, a dream of beauty, and it must be



SIR HARRY JOHNSTON,  
THE GENIAL REJECTED OF ROCHESTER.

*Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.*

admitted that "the Isle of Saints," whatever its faults, is ideally suited to be the dwelling-place of the tree-lover, for Ireland enjoys a climate which suits admirably many trees and plants which cannot flourish in drier climates. Lord Annesley is a keen yachtsman, a first-rate amateur photographer, and a piscatorial expert. He hopes to see Ireland become one of the great fishing-centres of the world, and he has done everything in his power to bring about so desirable a result. The trout of the Castlewella lakes are famed both from the fisherman's point of view and from that of the gourmet. Annesley Lodge, this versatile Peer's London home, is within a comparatively short walk of that tree-lover's paradise, the Botanical Gardens.

#### *The Clerical Marquis's Engagement.*

Among the Peers who are also parsons, Canon the Marquis of Normanby has long held an honoured place. He was always regarded as one of the most confirmed of clerical bachelors, but his friends have been none the less warm in their congratulations on his engagement to Miss Johnson Foster. The late Queen was very fond of the bridegroom-elect, as, indeed, she had reason to be of many members of his family, for his father was Controller and, later, Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household, his uncle, Sir Charles Phipps, was a valued friend of the Prince Consort, and his cousin, Miss Harriet Phipps, was for many years constantly with the late Sovereign, her official position being that of Bedchamber Woman.

Lord Normanby, some years ago, carried out a rather interesting scheme. He determined to carry out his somewhat original views on education by starting a school, and Mulgrave Castle, his own ancestral home, became the scene of a highly successful experiment. When, a year after he succeeded to the title, he accepted a Canonry of St. George's, Windsor, he took a house in the Royal Borough in order that he might still supervise the tuition of his young friends and pupils. Lord Normanby is all in favour of muscular Christianity; he bears his years lightly and is fond of every form of outdoor life. The future Marchioness is a sister of Lady Inchiquin and is a considerable heiress.

#### *A Great Political Hostess.*

Lady Lucy Hicks-Beach has long been one of the most prominent Tory hostesses, and she will probably head the group of brilliant women who will this winter represent the Free Trade interest in the great political world. She is Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's second wife, and is one of the venerable Lord Fortescue's fourteen children. As mistress of that historic house, No. 11, Downing Street, Lady Lucy, aided by her



LADY LUCY HICKS-BEACH, A PROMINENT POLITICAL HOSTESS.

*Photograph by the Cameron Studio.*

group of charming daughters, presided over many brilliant gatherings when she was wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and she has often found time to spend an hour in the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons to hear her husband make one of his great speeches. It has recently been thought by some people that the great split over the Fiscal Question may lead to Sir Michael's ultimate benefit, and that Lady Lucy may yet live to see herself wife of the Prime Minister, a position which she would be as well able to fill as were Mrs. Gladstone and the late Lady Salisbury.

#### *The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Constantine.*

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Constantine of Russia are among the most interesting and popular members of the Russian Imperial Family. The Grand Duke is a brother of the Queen of Greece. He is a poet and an author of distinction, and is said to be the most liberal of all the Czar's near relatives. His wife, who was a Princess of the House of Saxe-Altenburg, is one of the leaders of St. Petersburg Society; she and the Grand Duke both take a keen interest in various forms of philanthropy, and the Grand Duchess is often accompanied when visiting hospitals and prisons, by one or other of her six children, who all bid fair to follow in the steps of their parents.

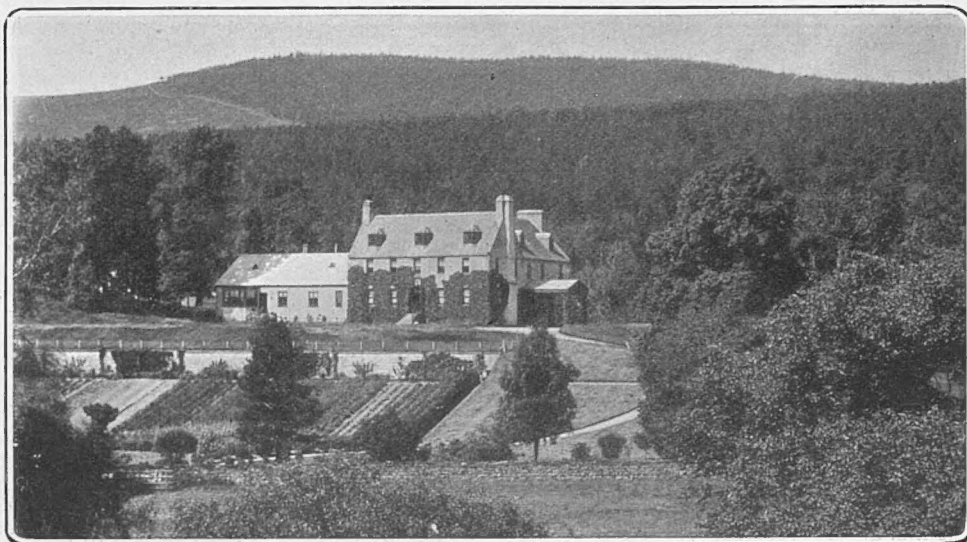


THE GRAND DUKE AND GRAND DUCHESS CONSTANTINE OF RUSSIA.

*Photographs by Pasetti.*



*Birkhall House.* Birkhall House, which has been frequently visited by the King and Queen this autumn, is a very beautiful and picturesque old house which has remained specially dear to their Majesties as having been one of their own early homes. In fact, the little estate was bought by the Prince Consort to be the Scotch property of the Prince of Wales, and His Majesty sold Birkhall to his mother only in 1885. The house, which has been lent this autumn by the King to his faithful friend and servant, Sir Dighton Probyn, is beautifully situated amid the trees, "birks" or "birches," from which it derives its name. The woods contain large herds of roe-deer, and the windows of what was once Queen Alexandra's drawing-room command lovely views down the valley. Birkhall is some six miles from Balmoral; it was formerly part of the estate of Abergeldie, and at one time the Glen Muick seat of the Gordons. Many distinguished persons have occupied the house of late years, including the Duchess of Albany and her children.



BIRKHALL, DEESIDE, LENT TO SIR DIGHTON PROBYN BY THE KING.

Photograph by Milne.

*The Coming of the Czar.* It will be interesting to note the impression caused in Rome (writes *The Sketch Correspondent*) by the arrival in October of the Emperor of Russia. At present, everyone is asking a most absurd question: "Hissing or no hissing?" This question refers to a noisy and highly unedifying scene enacted some time ago in the Italian Chamber, when (as I wrote at the time in *The Sketch*) an unruly Socialist member declared that the behaviour of the Russians to their prisoners and their methods of catching in other countries suspected Russian Socialists and endeavouring to have them extradited for imprisonment at home would be publicly condemned throughout Italy by universal hissing of the Czar when he arrived in Rome. How educated people can pay attention to such ridiculous utterances it is really difficult to understand, for it stands to reason that the Italians, of all people in the world, would show the utmost politeness to their guest when he did them the honour to visit their Sovereign. Still, it will be interesting to note whether the Czar will receive a universally hearty, spontaneous welcome, as did King Edward, or a polite but cool reception, as did Emperor William of Germany.

Mention of the latter reminds me that the old question regarding the statue of Professor Eberlein representing the poet Goethe has again cropped up. Readers of *The Sketch* will remember that in January last I mentioned that the Romans were far from being overjoyed at the gift of this sorry statue to the City of Rome. By one

method or another, it was arranged that the Emperor William should not be asked to lay its foundation-stone, as was at first intended, when he arrived in May. Everyone pretended that they had forgotten the existence of the statue, and this despite the fact that Professor Eberlein himself was then in Rome. Now, everyone is asking, "What on earth are we to do with the statue? We cannot really have it on the Pincio! There it would be too painfully prominent." In all probability, it will be consigned to a quasi-oblivion by being lost in the enormous dimensions of the far-spreading roads and fields of the Villa Borghese, whither Germans may repair at will to revel in the work of their sculptor compatriot.

A feature of the autumn announcements is the number of art books. Among the more notable are "The Work of John S. Sargent, R.A.," with an introductory note by Alice Meynell. This

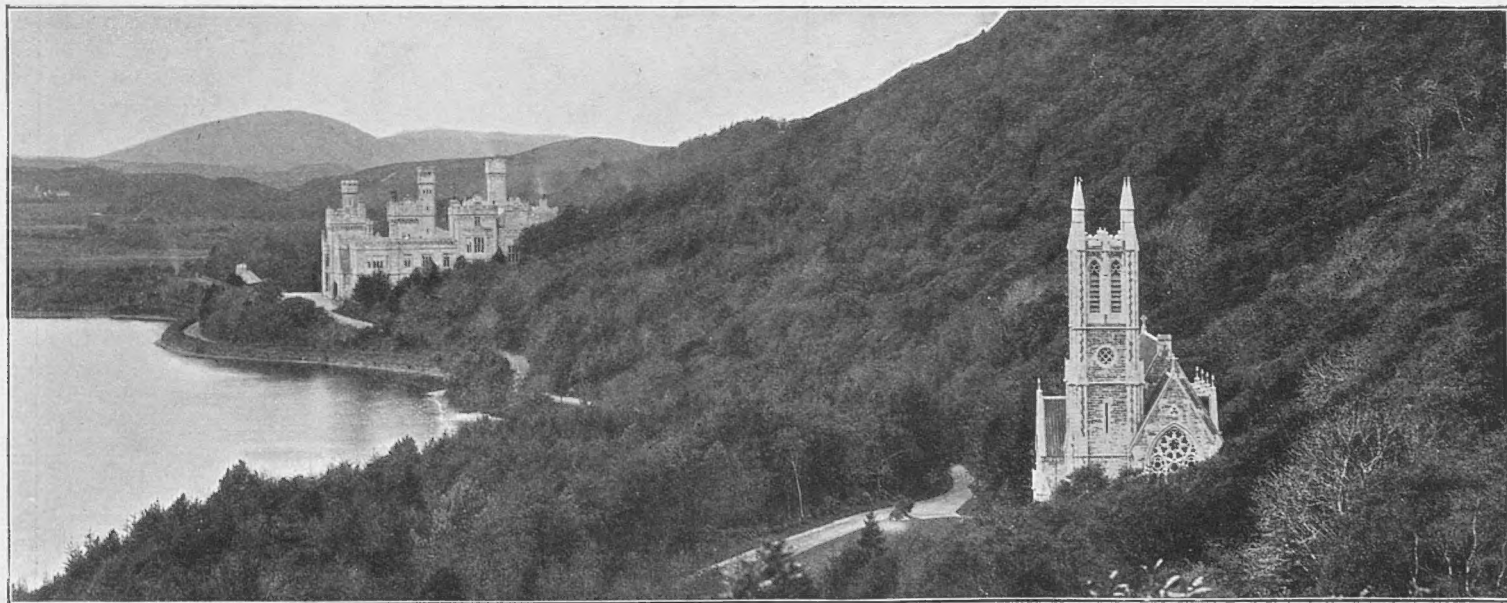
will contain fifty-eight reproductions in photogravure and four lithographs. Messrs. Duckworth announce "The Children of the Old Masters: Italian School," by Mrs. Meynell.

Mr. Thomas Hardy will contribute a poem to the new annual, the *Venture*, of which Mr. W. S. Maugham, the novelist, is literary editor. I understand that the illustrations will be wood-blocks. Mr. Maugham is at present busily engaged upon his new novel, which will appear in the early spring.

*The Duke of Manchester's New Home.*

Kylemore Castle, which is now the Duke of Manchester's second Irish home, has been long known as "The Wonder of Connemara." As its name implies, the estate was once a mountain pass, and the fine and imposing mass of building composing the Castle overlooks a wide lake and faces the Diamond Mountain. Mr. Mitchell Henry, who built the house in which he has lived, on the whole, so little, transformed what was virtually bog-land into beautiful pasture. He planted rare shrubs and trees, and laid out the park with such admirable taste that the grounds of Kylemore are famed among gardeners all over the world.

It was thought at one moment that their Majesties would consider the place as a suitable Irish residence, and Dr. J. F. L. Macnamara lately suggested that Kylemore might well be presented to the Queen as a gift from the Irish nation. It is very probable that both the King and Queen will stay there when the Duke and Duchess of Manchester have thoroughly established themselves in their new home.



KYLEMORE CASTLE, CONNEMARA, WHICH HAS JUST BEEN PURCHASED BY THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER FOR £63,000.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



*Sir Archibald Hunter.*

General Hunter, whose name has been so much before the public through his appointment to the Madras Command and controversy with Admiral Lambton over the naval guns at Ladysmith, is one of "Kitchener's men." It is interesting to note that, though he entered the Army three and a-half years later than Lord Kitchener, he gained his Company before his chief, and became a Major-General only three weeks later than the Commander-in-Chief in India. He got his chance when he joined the Egyptian Army, in 1884, and from that date until he came home from South Africa in 1901 he was almost continuously on active service. He was Commandant of the Dongola Provinces and the first Governor of Omdurman, commanded the Quetta District in 1899 until he went out to South Africa, and, rather more than two years ago, was appointed to command the Scottish District. The General is only forty-six years of age.

*The Chicago Centenary.*

It will be news to most people that Chicago has been in existence for a century, but this week the town is celebrating its hundredth year. The place could hardly be called a town at first, for it was originally nothing but a fort built by the United States troops to guard the fur-traders against the Indians; but, at any rate, this year sees the centenary of its first occupation. Chicago is really one of the most modern of cities, for until 1871 it was chiefly built of wood, and did not acquire its present vast proportions until after the fire which burned the greater part of it down in that year. The conflagration was caused by a cow which kicked over a petroleum-lamp, and so set fire to the outhouse in which it was kept. The fire spread over the centre of the town with great rapidity and destroyed the buildings on more than three square miles. Immediately the inhabitants set to work to rebuild their town on a much grander scale, and now the population is nearly eight times as large as it was thirty years ago.

*Railways and Luggage.*

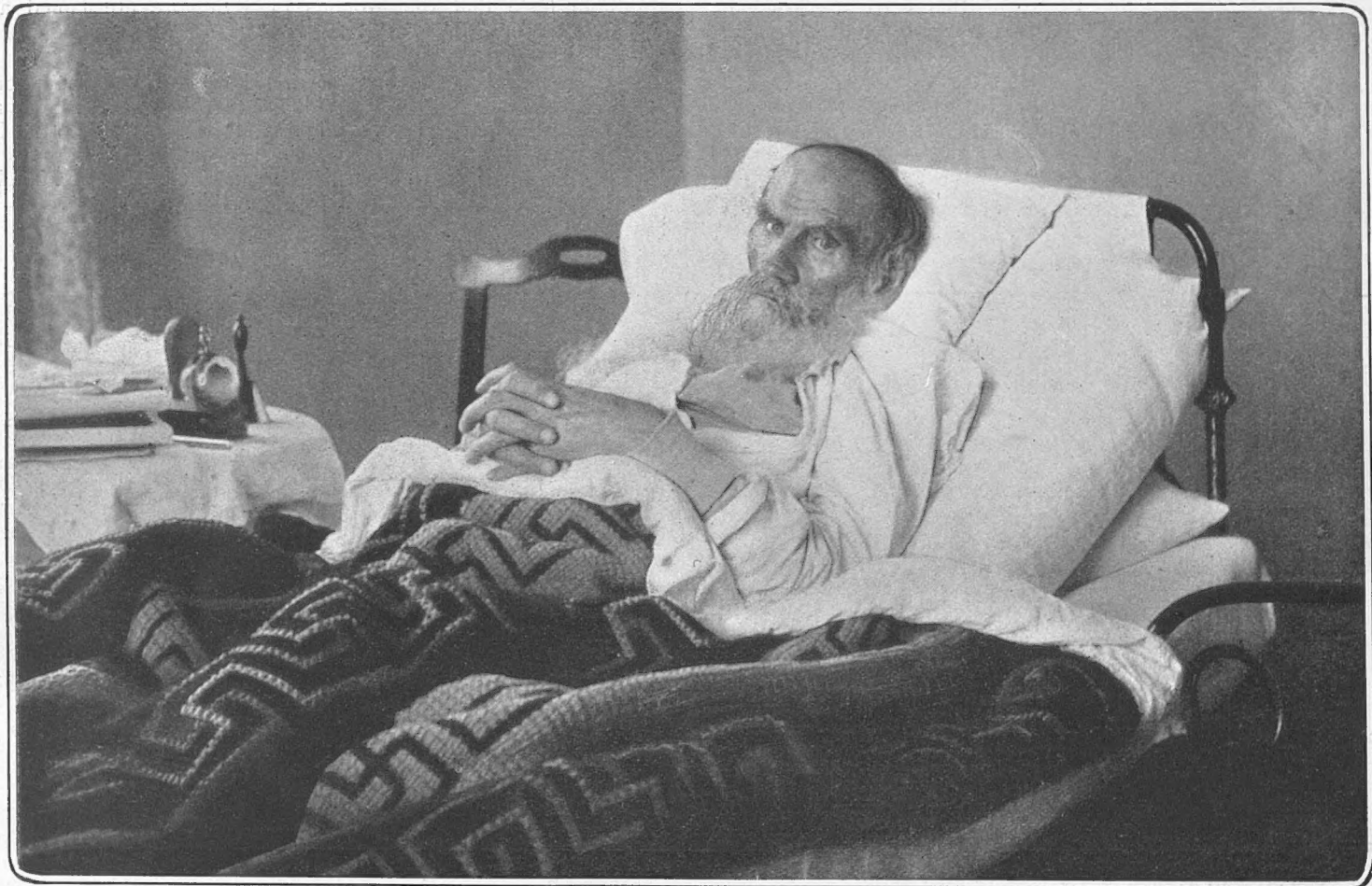
The railway companies are beginning to look very sharply after little sources of revenue which for a long while they treated with lordly disdain. A correspondent writes to a contemporary to say that he was charged extra for a typewriter, which he was carrying in his hand, because it did not come under the description of "wearing apparel." Another passenger was charged heavily for a package of wine, although he had taken wine with him before into the country and had never been fined for so doing. The worst of the system, and what makes it so annoying, is that it is only occasionally that these charges are insisted upon. Many clerks carry their typewriters about with them on their daily work, and no more expect to be charged for so doing than does a workman for the dirty bag of tools which he takes into railway-carriages with him. If railways charged for tool-bags, pieces of lead-piping, and other weird articles, they would soon hear of it; but the clerk is friendless, and so is looked upon as fair game.

*"The Enthusiast."* There is probably no living woman writer of fiction who produces so many novels as Miss Adeline Sergeant, with the inevitable result of sacrificing quality to quantity. It is really a very great pity that the author of "The Surrender of Margaret Bellarmine" and of "Caspar Brooke's Daughter" should now be content to produce merely passable, undistinguished work like "The Enthusiast." It is a pretty story, but the framework is slight, and there is not a character in the book which seems to the reader really alive. Miss Sergeant, who herself took a First Class in the Women's Higher Local, is intensely interested in feminine education, of which, however, she takes apparently the conventional view. The enthusiast is a Miss Cecil Kennedy, a sort of personification of the most advanced ideas. This cold, statuesquely beautiful blue-stocking postpones her marriage with Mr. Bernard Hales, an extremely priggish young schoolmaster, in order that she may take the headship of an important Woman's College. In three years or so she raises this institute, which had fallen into rather low water, to a level above Girton and Newnham! Needless to say she never marries the schoolmaster at all, who is given instead to the one really pleasant character in the book, Lady Molly Brudenell, the tomboyish, neglected daughter of a spendthrift Peer.

*Motor-Reapers.*

Agriculture may be a dying industry, but, at any rate, it dies hard, and the farmers are by no means wanting in pluck. In many districts this year the hay has been mown and the corn has been reaped with the motor-reaper, which is a decided innovation. It has, however, not attracted very much notice, as people have been accustomed to mechanical reapers for many years past, and the transition from the scythe and the sickle to the mechanical reaper was, of course, much more marked than the introduction of the motor-reaper. The motor does its work far more quickly and more cheaply than horse-power, and so effects an economy which will be taken advantage of by farmers wherever possible. Its introduction marks a stage in the history of British agriculture which should not by any means be overlooked.

*A Modern Prophet.* I hear that, despite his prolonged illness, Count Tolstoy's brain has lost none of its power, and ere long the world may be thrilled with another powerful romance even more remarkable, even more full of the great Russian prophet's gospel, than was "Resurrection." Count Tolstoy is an accomplished English scholar, and he manages to get through a surprising number of modern English novels; some of these are sent him by friends, others he orders for himself. Many years ago, he told a French acquaintance that, to his mind, the most remarkable story ever written was "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." As a young man, he lived in what would here be called the smartest and fastest set in Russian Society, so he finds it quite easy to describe the frivolous world when it seems desirable to him that he should do so.



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF COUNT TOLSTOY.

Taken by C. O. Bulla, St. Petersburg.



*Playwright,  
Actress, and  
Hostess.*

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor is one of the most versatile women in London. A brilliant playwright, a charming actress, she yet finds time to perform the duties which fall to her as the wife of one of the leaders of the Irish Party. As most people are aware, "A Lady from Texas" proved a success both in London and in the provinces.



MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR.

*Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

It was while playing the principal rôle in Edinburgh that Mrs. O'Connor became so seriously ill that she was obliged for a time to put aside all her work. She is now, however, writing another play, of which her friends speak very highly. It is an open secret that she has long been attracted by the dramatic possibilities of what may be called the Parnell tragedy. She, of course, knew the principal actor in the sombre drama, and it is to be hoped that some day she will reconstitute the complex personality of the man who was for so long the "uncrowned King of Ireland." Mr. and Mrs. T. P. O'Connor have a charming old-world house in Chelsea. There, for they are both very hospitable, they entertain hosts of friends, Irish, English, and American.

*The Photographic  
Salon.*

The members of the Photographic Salon, who again in their annual show at the Dudley Gallery exemplify the artistic possibilities of photography, have succeeded in forming a collection of much interest that includes many delicately rendered landscapes which, in several cases, convey qualities of light and atmosphere with admirable effect, as well as portraits distinguished by pictorial merit no less than by characteristic expression. Mr. Reginald Craigie's likeness of "Hermann Vezin" is a specially successful example of the best kind of photographic portraiture, and the two photographs of the King by Baron A. de Meyer are full of expressive individuality and dignity.

*"The Pool in the  
Desert."*

For delicious frivolity, for the subtle "nuances" of Anglo-Indian society, for various solutions of those particular problems of the two and one which seem to abound in that wonderful country of India, it is only necessary to turn to Sara Jeannette Duncan's latest book, consisting of four stories of Indian life. In the tale which gives the name to the volume, the character analysis is excellent and the flavour of Henry James unmistakable. But "A Mother in India" will probably be the most appreciated, not only on account of the genuine humour which ripples through it from start to finish (not, however, unmingled with pathos), but because it deals with the vexed question of the separation of parents and children consequent on the conditions of Indian life. Cecily Farnham comes out from England at the age of twenty-one—the natural outcome of an upbringing by two prim maiden ladies—and she and her somewhat Bohemian mother (Bohemian in the mildest sense of the word) find it difficult to meet on common ground. The situation is further complicated by the advent of Dacres Tottenham on the scene, formerly a somewhat devoted friend of the mother, but now rather anxious to become Cecily's suitor. It is a delightful

situation, most amusingly worked out, for, through Cecily's stolidity, practicality, and general obtuseness, the lover is slowly disillusioned, as the mother had, with a not unfeminine maliciousness, foreseen. The other two stories, "An Impossible Ideal" and "The Hesitation of Miss Anderson," are equally successful.

*Mr. Austen  
Chamberlain.*

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, on whom publicity is now more fully cast than formerly, has just reached the age at which his father entered Parliament. He proved an industrious political apprentice, and has done his work well in all the offices he has held since 1895. It is to his credit that he does not excite in the House of Commons the personal animosity raised by his father. His manner is more suave and amiable. He inherits the eye-glass but not the orchid, and although he inherits the ambition, the energy, and the lucidity of his father, he lacks the older statesman's readiness and incisiveness. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was twice a widower before he reached Mr. Austen's present age, but the son's life has been "a life without a lady."

*Imperial Tariff  
Committee.*

Mr. C. A. Vince, whose name has come so prominently before the public of late in connection with the agitation for Tariff reform, is the Secretary of the Birmingham Imperial Tariff Committee. The head offices of the Tariff Reform League are situated in London, the Chairman of the Executive Committee being Mr. C. A. Pearson, and the Secretary Mr. J. Ratcliffe Cousins, L.C.C., the whole of England, with the exception of the Birmingham district, being now subdivided into groups of counties in which various agents assist in the dissemination of literature and in providing speakers. Mr. Vince's sphere of action will in future be confined to Shropshire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire, though, as Birmingham will remain Mr. Chamberlain's headquarters, he will naturally continue to be in the forefront of the movement.

From the first, Birmingham has taken the lead in the dissemination of propagandist literature, and it will be remembered that when Sir Michael Hicks-Beach complained that the Birmingham Committee had sent leaflets to Bristol without his permission, Mr. Vince turned the tables on the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer by pointing out that no leaflets had been sent except in response to applications, and it had not been deemed necessary to ask the permission of any Member of a Division before complying with these requests. On the other hand, Mr. Vince said he was not aware that the Free Food League had



MR. C. A. VINCE, SECRETARY OF THE IMPERIAL TARIFF COMMITTEE.

*Photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham.*

asked the permission of any of the Members for Birmingham before sending their literature into that city. Mr. Vince was recently in conference with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Powell Williams, M.P., and he and the large staff he controls are now engaged in making arrangements for a vigorous autumn campaign.



## SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT:

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

## PARIS.

We have barely ceased talking of the failure of the summer when winter is upon us, or, at all events, if not the winter, the winter almanacs. Paris makes a speciality of those almanacs which the late Phil May made so popular at home, and the first of them to reach me, M. Albert Guillaume's, is a delightful combination of information, literature of a light and airy kind, and black-and-white drawings which none but a Frenchman, that Frenchman a Parisian, and that Parisian Guillaume, could have done. The one we reproduce is typical. It represents a gallery in the Louvre, where, for some time past, visitors have been complaining that the copyists are too numerous for their comfort. The almanac for 1904 is the ninth one which M. Guillaume has presented to the public, and is a capital companion for the half-hour before dinner, when the lamps are lit and everyone is late.

The French stage has suffered heavily this week in the deaths of Louis Delaunay and Louise France, an actor and an actress who, though very different in style, had this in common, that, in their own lines, they were, almost until their death's day, first and without a rival. Louise France was born in 1841. A short, squat little woman, always dressed anyhow, and with a red and all but vulgar face, which nothing but the brilliance of her eyes and her extraordinary verve in conversation saved from the commonplace. She had a chequered and a sad career, poor woman, but to the last she was unequalled in broad comedy of a style so entirely her own that actresses were sent to her to try and learn it long after she herself became too weak and—the truth must be told—too unreliable to play regularly herself. "La France," as she was always called, made the big success of her life in "Mademoiselle Fifi," a drama at the Ambigu, in which her rendering of a woman of the "Apache" type was so horribly realistic and, at the same time, so artistic in its truth, that Paris for a while went wild about it. During the last few years, "La France" spent most of her time in the cafés of Montmartre and in those of its cabarets which copied the Chat Noir, but for the past few months she was in Lariboisière Hospital, where, in the most abject poverty, relieved only by the charity of friends, she died a week ago, aged sixty-two. A year since, she astonished Paris by the publication of a book which made many people feel uncomfortable, for it set forth Paris stage-life as it really is. Poor France! The little coffin which was carried on the shoulders of four mutes and buried at the State expense in a paupers' corner of Montmartre Cemetery did not weigh much, and yet it carried in its black-stained boards of deal the memories of old Bohemia, which with Louise France has perished altogether. Known in her time as the finest character-actress of the day, she died a pauper, and, as she used to say with bitterness, her gifts had never been of quite sufficient mediocrity to ensure success—or, any way, success which lasted.

Delaunay—but what need is there to speak about Delaunay, who was the *beau-idéal* of our mothers, and whom, until a few years since, we all admired on the stage of the Théâtre-Français as the one and only *jeune premier*? Louis Delaunay, who died a few days ago at seventy-three, was young until the age of seventy. His career on the stage was happy in that it had no history except successes, and to the last he looked some twenty years less than his age. He was the actor of De Musset's plays *par excellence*, and the best lover whom the Paris stage has ever known. He lived upon

*jeune premier* lines in private life, too, if I may so express it, and was reputed to have inherited and spent no less than seven fortunes, for it was always his habit not to spend what he earned, but to spend twice the sum, and do so gracefully. When—it was in 1887—Delaunay left the Comédie-Française to, as he said, plant cabbages in Versailles, he aged immediately. His youthfulness seemed to have disappeared with his stage-life, and, after a few months' retirement, he returned again, to play the young lover on the stage and seek his youth once more. But this time it was all too late. The flame had only flickered, and Delaunay, who had been young all his life while working, was quite an old man when he died—at leisure.

## ROME.

The present Pope is quite determined to be master in his own house. The other day, he intimated that he intended to ask his sisters to lunch in the Vatican with him. To his surprise, and, we may be sure, to his amusement—for he has a keen sense of humour—one of the high Vatican dignitaries pointed out in guarded and diplomatic language that such a case had never yet been known in the annals of the Papacy since the change in

*régime* of the Government of Italy. The Pope's answer, however, was short but to the point. He told his interlocutor that he had always hitherto entertained whom he chose in his apartment, and that, now that his apartment was larger and in a different place, he saw no reason to therefore change his habits. His sisters lunched with him the next day. I am sorry to have to state that one of His Holiness's sisters, Antonietta Sarto, has been struck down with serious illness; the doctors, at the time of writing, are somewhat anxious in consequence. Antonietta Sarto is sixty-four years of age. In many ways Pope Pius X. has already shown intolerance of interference; he is a great contrast in every respect to his predecessor. Personally, I should not be in the least surprised to see him one fine day take a drive through Rome and salute the populace in that courteous, affable manner so endearing to all.

Romans are very proud of boasting that the Rome of the present day is as different from the Rome of the rule of the Papacy as is chalk from cheese; and their boast is a natural one, for those who knew Rome even only twenty years ago, to say nothing of the olden days before the unification of Italy, tell most interesting and instructive tales of what used to be endured in the way of dis-

comfort and lack of cleanliness in this now so cleanly and sprucely kept capital. One boast of theirs, too, is that no malaria now exists in Rome. This also is true; there is no malaria, in the literal sense of the word. The air is the very best, except in the heat of summer, when no sane person remains in Rome unless forced by circumstances so to do. But I would take this opportunity to point out to my fellow-countrymen who come to Rome that, although there is no malaria properly so called, there come buzzing through the air, and use the Borghese Villa as an occasional habitat, malaria-bearing mosquitoes.

I was fortunate enough recently to be able to see one of the microbes of the malaria being examined under the microscope at the hospital. To me, an unscientific layman in matters medical, it looked like a little mass of jelly covered with black spots; when it distributed itself into other blood-corpuscles it would cause high fever in the patient who owned that blood, said the doctor, and sure enough it did. At five o'clock that very afternoon high fever set in and was only counteracted the next day by the administration of quinine.



COPYISTS IN THE LOUVRE: A SKIT ON A WELL-KNOWN PARISIAN GRIEVANCE.

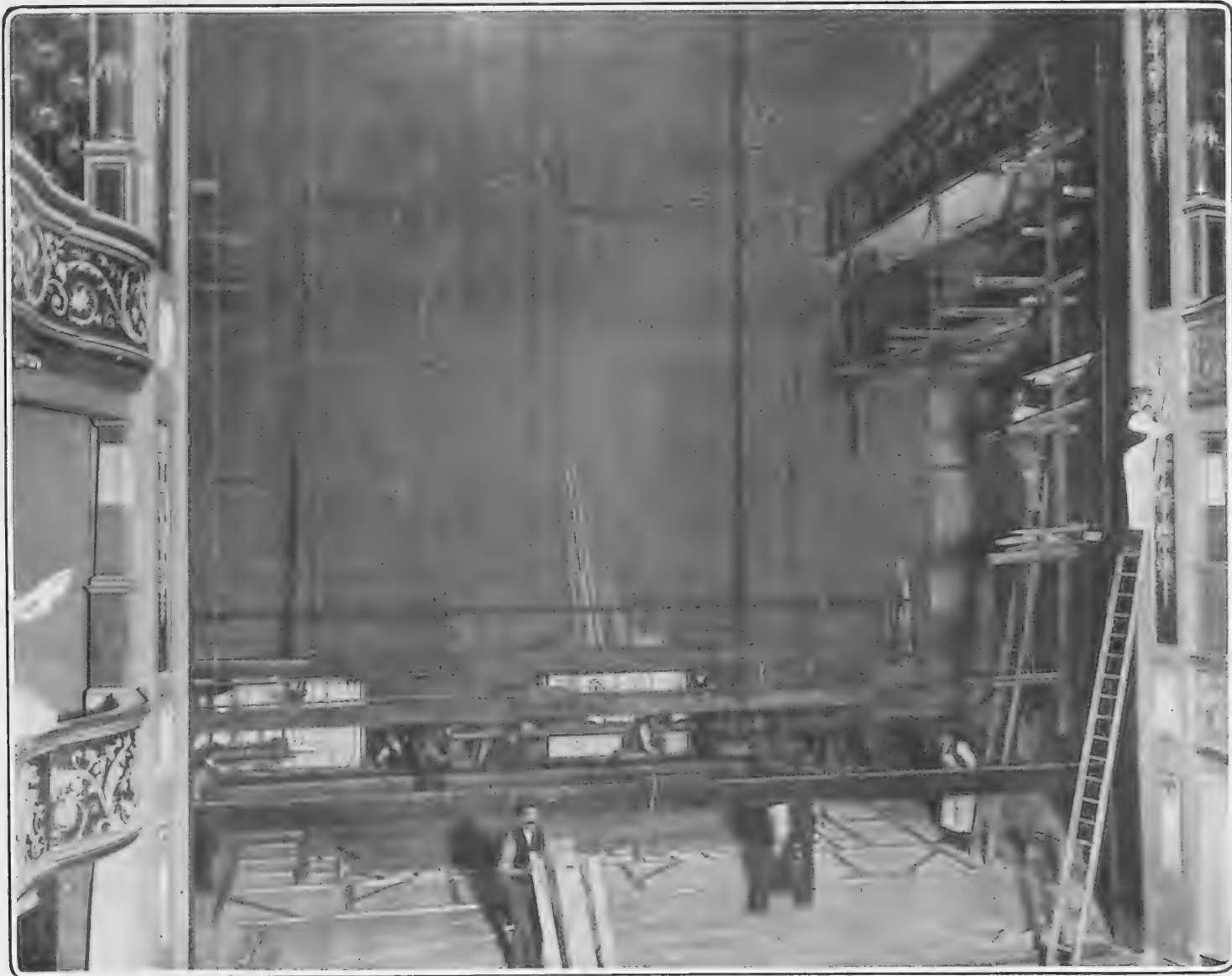
Reproduced from Guillaume's Almanac by permission of the Publisher.



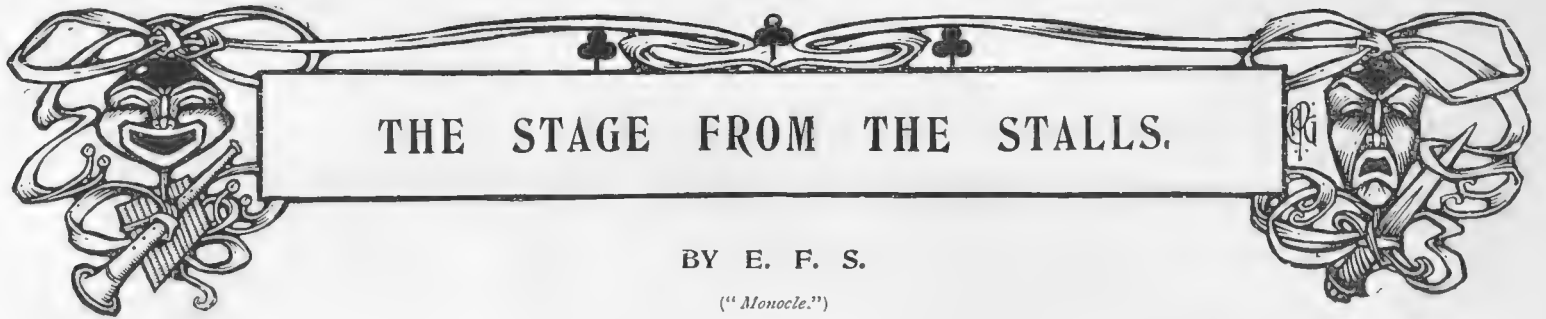
THE VOGUE OF THE MUSICAL PLAY.



MISS MAHELLE GILMAN IN THE FIRST ACT OF "DOLLY VARDEN," THE AMERICAN COMIC OPERA TO BE PRODUCED AT THE AVENUE TO-MORROW (OCT. 1).



THE STAGE OF THE NEW GAITY THEATRE.  
*Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."*



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE GOLDEN SILENCE" AND "LITTLE MARY."

AUTHORS ought not to be interviewed about their new plays just before the production, but just afterwards. The post-production interview might be interesting and amusing. The author would be able to explain what he meant in the scenes misunderstood by the critics, and to prove how inconsistent, useless, ignorant, and dense we are. Moreover, if the interviewer were a crafty cross-examiner, much would be learned concerning some plays that is not discoverable otherwise. For instance, if the *Pall Mall* interview with Mr. Haddon Chambers had occurred on Wednesday instead of Monday, we might have found out whether the relations between Lady Arlington and Randolph were comparatively blameless, as some contend, or really amounted to what the Divorce Court would call a "discretionary bar" to successful proceedings by the lady for divorce. We might also know to what degree Randolph was capable of loving the Countess viciously and Olivia virtuously at one and the same time. We might understand why a vigorous falsehood is called "Golden Silence." The title and its suggestion of wisdom certainly comes to the mind of those who have read the interview. It spoils my enjoyment of the play. I read that there was so strong a situation in the last Act that the author worked backwards from it, and that the idea of the last episode in the story affected him so deeply that, after first realising the situation, he found it advisable to turn into the Central Park of New York to hide his emotion from the public gaze. It seemed to me that, if a hardened dramatist had got hold of such a situation as this, he must have found something really new.

We are getting a little tired of the old situations. "You may hash it, or boil it, or fry it, or braise it, or stew it, or mince it, or *à-la-mode* it, or curry it, or grill it, or roast it, but it remains the same old . . . Government salt-junk still," said the sailor in the story. There are times when the dramatic critic has this kind of feeling towards the stock situations. The thought, then, of this new situation in the last Act set me all agog. What did I care about the first Act? Why pay attention to the second? What did the third matter when I was breathless with excitement about the fourth? The earlier parts were mere obstacles to hoped-for enjoyment, and how can I fairly criticise the play when suffering from such a deep emotion at being unable to discover what or which was this eagerly anticipated episode or situation that I too should like to go into the Central Park to conceal my feelings from the public gaze? I have not yet got over my disappointment or bewilderment. Did some accident happen? Did they leave this episode out by mistake? Did the strong situation get lost at rehearsal? I have heard a story of a printed slip being handed round during a performance of "Hamlet" in a country theatre to announce that, "owing to the exigencies of an antiquated train-system, it has been found necessary to omit the last two Acts of the play." Were there any exigencies on the first-night of "The Golden Silence"? Even the fact that "Mr. Frank Mills, who plays the sculptor, has been almost living during the past few weeks at Mr. Frampton's studio in St. John's Wood" does not make up for my disappointment, and the announcement that "we have taken great pains to depict our scenes with fidelity" did not comfort me. I wonder, by the way, did Mr. Frank Mills learn in St. John's Wood how to take a bath and dry himself within two minutes?

It is a noticeable and noteworthy fact that the efforts suggested to give the studio-scenes accuracy are really fruitless. It is not truth, but appearance of truth, which tells on the stage, and a convention may seem more lifelike than reality. The nearer you try to get to absolute truth, the further absolute truth recedes, and though your audience may be amused for a while by your efforts to give life to drama by presentment of things not essentially dramatic, the piece suffers severely in the end. A real play will never be hurt by a meanness of mounting if it stops short of the ludicrous, whilst a weak work is very rarely saved by the most ingenious padding. We all laughed at the singing ex-prize-fighter valet, the irrelevant aristocratic noodle, and the "cake-walk" made a big "hit." Yet it may truly be said that they did not help the play, though they may serve to draw the public.

It is only fair to add that the padding was very good of its kind, and caused abundant laughter. The play, however, is rather puzzling than interesting. One cannot pump up any real sympathy with the characters or belief in them, and all the art and charm of Miss Violet Vanbrugh could not save Lady Arlington's little sermons from being dull. The successes of the evening rested with

Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Mr. Webb Darleigh, and Miss Jessie Bateman as a "cake-walker." Mr. Bouchier, despite his remarkable ability as a character-actor, failed to make the irrelevant Mapes very amusing, and his sentimental scene with the remarkable little model was quite unconvincing. Miss Grimston, Mrs. Kendal's daughter, showed herself an actress of great promise. Mr. Frank Mills was unable to render the sculptor's character quite intelligible, though he acted some scenes ably. By-the-bye, did Mapes bring the blue grass over from America, and is the famous American blue grass able to endure the wear and tear of being trodden on as covering to steps without showing signs of use?

If the once well-known Club called "The Spooferies" still exists, I think Mr. Barrie ought to be made its President, for he has accomplished a wonderful "spoof" with his new piece, "Little Mary." The audience received the practical joke at its expense admirably. Not a "boo" was heard, not a funeral note, when it was shown that Mr. Barrie and Mr. Frank Curzon were laughing at us, and that we had been duped into interest and even excitement concerning a *dénouement* which did not exist. Can it be that the house was not aware that it had been spoofed? Is it possible that we are so unalert as this? What a horrible thought! Now, of course, the joke is over, and the play will have to be witnessed by people not moved by curiosity to know how Mr. Barrie would get out of a very difficult situation, not excited by the situation itself; by playgoers aware that Moira's medium, "Little Mary," is not a "spook" but a "spoof." The critics may suggest that such a lark would have had more flavour of art in a play farcical throughout, that it is deplorable that a man should use great gifts in a practical joke, itself involving no cleverness. The piece, indeed, is full of cleverness. Moira may be two people only united by the superb acting of Miss Boucicault, but one of them—the development of the little Scotch girl in "The Wedding Guest"—is delightful. The slightly farcical scenes, brilliantly played by Mr. John Hare and Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, concerning the awkwardness of the relation between father and son in an undemonstrative nation is deliciously amusing, despite its under-note of bitterness. The cruel caricature of the fashionable physician, presented very cleverly by Mr. Eric Lewis, and of a general practitioner, whilst needlessly offensive to the profession, is as comic as some of Molière's more creditable attacks on doctors. Almost the whole prologue is daintily pathetic or finely comic, and Mr. Barrie handles most skilfully some phrases that sound like an imitation of "G. B. S." The jokes, occasionally, may be out of the picture, but then we are aware we must accept Mr. Barrie as an unscrupulous dramatist.

It cannot be that those who know the secret will get half as much pleasure out of the play as I had on the first-night, and I wonder whether the brilliance of the writing and quality of the acting will render the piece reasonably satisfactory to playgoers, who can take but little interest in what must be called its sham plot. Will it be necessary to follow the precedent of "The Manœuvres of Jane" and convert "Little Mary" into a frank farce, in which Moira lets the audience know from the start that she is an audacious charlatan, and enables them to laugh with her? It would be, perhaps, a little childish as a play even then, for it is puerile to parade as a novelty the idea preached during many years past, that the upper classes suffer from over-eating, and that, indeed, excess of food does more injury than excess of drink to the aristocracy. I see that one critic suggests that Moira's medium really was the force of motherliness or maternity, but one seems hardly entitled to contradict the author when he asserts that "Little Mary" is the stomach, and that Moira's method was to induce people to eat one solid meal a day instead of three. Stomach it is, and the attempt to poetise the idea is fruitless. Mr. Barrie has succeeded wonderfully in introducing a delightfully poetical element into his work by handling Moira as the girl with an intense motherly feeling, but has accomplished this by shirking the question of consistency of character. We ought to be grateful for what is altogether delightful in the play, yet, alas, it is difficult not to be more affected by annoyance at the device by which attention is drawn to it, and the method, unworthy of a man of Mr. Barrie's ability, to obtain a success of curiosity, not of art. Mr. John Hare makes a very welcome reappearance, and it is a pity that his brilliant acting is wasted on a character almost irrelevant. The greatest triumph, however, is Miss Boucicault's, but it is only fair to add to the names already mentioned those of Miss M. Fraser, Mr. Vibart, Mr. A. E. Mathews, and Mr. Compton Courtis.





THE LYRIC STAGE: A STUDY OF MISS GURNEY DELAPORTE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

## LIFE ON A LINER:

## THE ROMANCE AND REALISM OF AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

AN ocean trip to-day is usually a very conventional affair. Travelling hotels—which the big liners boastfully claim to be—do not lend themselves to the spirit of romance supposed to be attached to Old Ocean.

Diligent search will, however, reveal a certain amount of genuine romance even on a travelling caravanserai. In order to find the romance, a process of elimination must be resorted to. We must get away from the first-cabin passengers, with their dress-suits and evening-gowns; nor will any romance be discovered in that cradle of *ennui*, the deck-chair. Far removed from all these—the farther, the better—we come upon some phases of life which appear to be more or less picturesque.

Doubtless the life on a liner farthest removed from that of the passenger is the stoker's. Begrimed, smutty-faced, red-eyed mortal that he is, the stoker's a good deal of a man "for a' that." Down in the depths of the ship, far below the water-line, up to his neck in condensing steam and foul air, his lungs choked with coal-dust, the heat of the furnaces searing his very eyeballs, your stoker leads a sorry existence.

Yet upon him depends, in great measure, the very speed of the ship itself, and, as speed seems to be considered the one desirable thing in these degenerate days, the stoker thus looms into importance.

The stoker must know when, how, and where to place each pound of coal on the fire in such a way that it will do the most good. Unless a ship "steams" well, all the great horse-power of her engines is of no avail.

Stokers work only brief periods at a time, their watches being divided into two hours "on" and two "off." Stripped to the waist, these men pass their time while on duty in feeding roaring flames kept going by forced draught. Special sets of ventilators, run by dynamos, drive a certain quantity of fresh air down into the bowels of the ship—otherwise, the men would be unable to breathe.

It is said that the life of a stoker is only eight years; that is, after that length of service his constitution is wrecked. This is due to the fact that he is constantly passing from the hot furnace-room into the cold air on deck. He comes out of his oven, after a two hours' baking, with a thin coat thrown over his shoulders, and, unless he goes to his bunk and sleeps, you will find him on deck in some breezy spot. If you point out his danger from possible pneumonia, he says: "Well, we have to get enough air in the two hours on deck to last us for the rest of the time below." Strange to say, however, stokers seldom "catch cold."

Thus do these men shorten their lives and exist under a condition that would seem to be intolerable. Their wages range from five to eight pounds per month.

Stokers see their families—for most of them are married—about once every two weeks. The ship's paymaster will tell you that many of the men lead exemplary lives, keeping their children at the best schools and in pretty homes with gardens and bright sunshine.

But where's the romance? Well, it may not be exactly romance that leads a man to live such an unnatural life, in grime and filth, his lungs choked by superheated air, deprived of light and life that those he loves may have plenty of sunlight and fresh air. But there are other things than romance in life, perhaps.

Approaching somewhat nearer the romantic element is the life of the look-out. Look-outs to-day on Atlantic liners no longer pace

the "fo'castle head," or forward end of the ship. The liners go too fast for that. Their bows are driven through the waves at such speed that the forward section is frequently deep under green seas. The modern look-out occupies a little iron box near the top of the mast: the "Crow's Nest." On a fine, clear day, when the sea is smooth, the position of the look-out is a rather enviable one. On a dark, stormy night in midwinter, however, with the seas running mountains high, while the tossing and pitching ship makes the "Crow's Nest" cut arcs of circles across the sky, it is "another story."

It not infrequently happens that spray from big seas finds its way even up to the "Crow's Nest," which is nearly seventy feet above the deck. Look-outs have four hours on duty and four hours off.

On the look-out, in great measure, depends the safety of the ship. He must see perfectly, and report immediately, every object on the ocean that comes within range of his vision. The position of a look-out on a liner forging through the waves at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour is one of utmost importance. He has little time to enjoy the æsthetic rapture supposed to be attached to his lofty perch.

His thought is concentrated on preventing a collision. His eyes are strained into an anxious stare every moment he is on duty. If the officer on the deck or on the bridge see a vessel before the look-out reports it from aloft, the occupant of the "Crow's Nest" is called on for an explanation, lacking which he loses a few days' pay by way of fine. At night, on the big liners there are always two look-outs stationed up in the "Crow's Nest," while only one is on duty in the daytime.

The one complaint of the look-out's life is vibration. He does not mind the weather, or the wind, or the sea—the shaking of the engines "gets on his nerves." Up on the far-end of a steel mast every movement of the great engines is felt. The mast shakes like the proverbial aspen-leaf every moment of the voyage, from the time when

the engines begin to throb at Southampton or Liverpool until they come to rest in New York. So strong is this vibration that great care has to be taken—lest a man lose his hold and fall from the mast—in climbing into the "Crow's Nest" from the iron ladder which runs from the deck.

Were it not for the great responsibility of his position, doubtless the look-out would enjoy his trip across the Atlantic in the little iron box on the top of the mast of an ocean flier.

Next to the look-out and the stoker, romantic interest centres round the "Marconi man." He is the hero of the hour. His little telegraph-room on all the liners is always full of admiring passengers. The wires leading to his instruments are the only means of knowing what is going on in the world beyond the waters. Mystery and romance both attach to the "Marconi man," and wherever he goes he is the observed of observers on shipboard. Not infrequently he is the recipient of confidences that passengers would never dream of divulging save to the man who has it in his power to communicate with "home" even while in mid-ocean. Possibly the wireless-telegraph operator is the most popular person on the Atlantic liners to-day, and he comes in for no end of romantic interest.

The stoker, the look-out, and the Marconi operator absorb about all the romance that is left in modern ocean-travel. Doubtless, the management of the lines will do all in their power to eliminate even this element as soon as possible. And then we shall have left only the *chefs* who cater to the first-cabin appetites.

W. B. NORTHROP.



COLLECTING THE AMERICAN MAIL: TUG TAKING OFF LETTERS AT THE ENTRANCE TO NEW YORK HARBOUR. A CONSIDERABLE SAVING OF TIME IS THUS EFFECTED.



LIFE ON A LINER: FROM "CROW'S NEST" TO FURNACE-ROOM.



VIEW FROM THE "CROW'S NEST" OF AN OCEAN GREYHOUND,  
LOOKING FORWARD.



READING A MARCONIGRAM RECEIVED IN MID-OCEAN.



IN THE FURNACE-ROOM: THE CONSTITUTION OF A STOKER, IT IS SAID, IS SHATTERED IN EIGHT YEARS.

*Copyright Photographs by W. B. Northrop.*

## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WHEN I read about Mr. Spencer's successful trip round the town in his aerial car, and the special notes with which my morning paper adds to the dignity of his achievement, I find myself wondering why we are all so exercised about the Tariff problem. A little reflection will serve to show there is a very definite connection between the two subjects. So soon as air-ships are safe, comfortable, and cheap, State boundaries will disappear, and, unless Governments are going to patrol the upper air with bodies of armed policemen in cars, smuggling will become the most profitable pursuit under the sun and above the earth. What is to prevent the hardy navigator of the air from bringing across Channel in his ship a ballast of cigars, saccharine, old lace, eau-de-Cologne, or anything else that is bound to pay duty? Surely, in days to come, cars will be commodious enough to admit quite a lot of ballast. It will be futile to patrol frontiers when smugglers pass overhead above the clouds on dark nights, in cars whose general-colouring is made to harmonise with cloudland. Now, a really smart novelist can make money out of this suggestion, and, as I can't copyright or protect it, he may have it for nothing.

If I were a Government, and air-ships are to become as common in the heavens as motor-cars are upon the earth, I should make haste to sell all my fortresses at cost-price. What chance has the fortress against the air-ship? A man-of-war may dodge the aerial navigator by

moving from place to place, but a fortress must stay where it is and face the music. At present, an expert rifleman may be able to reach an air-ship, but surely oxygen and liquid air will enable the air-ship to go out of sight of the naked eye in time to come. It will require no small amount of nerve to fight on a man-of-war in days when, beyond the enemy in front of you, the aerial war-car and the submarine demand special consideration, and some kindly scientist, sitting in his laboratory hundreds of miles from the scene of action, is preparing to send an electric spark, without the formality of wires, into the heart of your powder-magazine. I am beginning to believe seriously in the coming of universal peace, not on account of the Czar's Eirenicon, but because scientists are making rapid headway with work that must leave war among civilised nations impossible.

So soon as my morning paper informed me that M. Jaurès, the Socialist deputy, had exposed a French plan of campaign against Morocco, I wrote to a friend who knows far more about the question than he will say and asked him if the plan of campaign existed. He has just replied, saying that a very carefully wrought plan for the conquest of Morocco lies in the bureau of the French Minister for War, but he does not think it will be followed out. "If the war party were in the ascendant in Paris," says the letter, "the failure of the negotiations between Paris, London, and Madrid would lead speedily to the long-deferred forward movement, but the French War Office and Foreign Office are not on the best of terms, and the latter is master of the situation at present." Next month, France will resume her campaign in the east of Morocco—called the Algerian hinterland in Paris—and will blow many True Believers to Paradise in the name of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. But M. Jaurès has discovered a mare's-nest when he says that M. Delcassé is going to make Tangier the capital of a French-protected Morocco. A glance at the map will show him where Gibraltar stands, and correct his error.

Writing only a few days before publication makes it difficult to touch the burning question of the Near East, and yet I confess that the condition of the Balkans appears to give Russia a better opportunity for advance than she has had since the Treaty of Berlin modified the arrangements made at San Stefano. If Bulgaria decides to fight the Turk, and Servian King Peter's "officers and gentlemen" instruct their Royal master to make a dash for Old Serbia and give his subjects some other subject than regicide to talk about, I believe that Russia will proceed to take that long-premeditated excursion to the Golden Horn. I don't think she will go by land—Austria's forces amount, in the aggregate, to some three millions of fighting-men, if memory serves me truly; I think she will find the journey by way of the Black Sea quick, healthy, and profitable. One Russian gunboat or cruiser could dispose of Turkey's entire fleet—the Russian Black Sea Squadron is a powerful concern. With Great Britain electioneering, France friendly, Germany afraid, Italy and Austria jealous of each other, and the Triple Alliance dear at the price of the paper it is written on, Russia is better off than she has been these twenty-five years.

While I have every sympathy with the good folk who believe that an "indignation meeting" is panacea for every evil under the sun, I fear that the case of the Macedonians cannot be improved by any platform eloquence. So far as clearing the Turk out of Europe goes, Russia would be only too glad to oblige the mass-meetings at her own expense; but do the mass-meeters ever pause to reflect that Russian methods are not much kinder than Turkish, and that the presence of Russia in the Mediterranean might mean war with Great Britain? We don't know how true the tales of Turkish massacre are, but the Kishineff affair has not been denied. If Turkey goes, the miserable mass of unruly people hailing from the Balkan States will lose the Turkish whip, but they will get the Russian scorpion in exchange.



"HARD LINES."

DRAWN BY R. H. RAHLLY.





AFTER THE GALE: GATHERING STICKS IN THE NEW FOREST.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

## BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

## XXXII.—LOSELEY PARK.

IN a recent issue of *The Sketch* appeared a picture of Wollaton Hall, the architect of which was the celebrated John Thorpe, of Padua. This famous man was also responsible for the design of Loseley Hall, built on the property of one Christopher More, an Esquire of the days of Henry VIII., and who was Sheriff both of Surrey and

times, the present German Empress paid a visit to Loseley, and was so struck with the charm of the design of the drawing-room that she ordered an architect to erect a facsimile of it in her palace in Germany. The last male representative of the Mores of Loseley died in 1689, when his sisters, Elizabeth and Margaret, inherited the house and estates. The younger sister married Sir Thomas Molyneux—a relative of the family of which the present Earl of Sefton is the representative—and Loseley came into that family through this marriage. The present owner, Mr. More-Molyneux, belongs to a branch of this old family and is a descendant of the original possessor and builder. He, as well as the late owner, has done much to restore the house, in spite of the fact that the great west wing had to be removed.

The feature of the house as it stands to-day is the Great Hall. In it is a screen, magnificently carved, separating the hall from the lobby; while above it is the gallery, from which lead various bedrooms. The hall itself is wainscotted in oak, the huge fireplace being surmounted by a mantelpiece of chalk, above which are hung calivers and cross-bows. The drawing-room, of which mention has been made, has wonderful old panelling and plaster-work, the ceiling also being very richly decorated. The mantelpiece is of chalk and is covered with emblazoned arms and strap-work enrichments, together with the mottos of the builder of Loseley.

Of the pictures, there are valuable ones of Sir George More, and of Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor, also of Sir More-Molyneux and his family. On the staircase hangs a picture of a lady and child, and in connection with this there is a story that the lady threw the child into the moat and drowned it. This lady, so it is said, is seen to descend the stairs on a certain date and to repeat the act which gained for her such an unenviable notoriety. However, it is one of those legends which are attached to so many old houses and which help to add an additional if gruesome interest to the buildings.

The gardens are delightful, and the old moat, along which grow the simplest and sweetest of wild flowers, adds to their beauty. At each end of the moat is an old watch-house, from which the views are superb. Above the moat is a long grass-terrace, kept with the utmost care, and retaining that old-world appearance which is one of the great charms of Loseley Gardens.

The present owner does not reside at Loseley, and it is now let to Mr. Stanley Christopherson, of Uppingham School and cricket fame. Just a few miles from Guildford and Godalming, and below the Hog's Back, that far-seen hill lying between Guildford and Farnham, stands this beautiful old home. Typical of our Tudoresque houses, grey and hoary with age, still noble in appearance despite the loss of its great west wing and its present ugly slate roof, peaceful in its surroundings, and hidden well from view, Loseley to this day retains the charm of a bygone day—a charm which nothing can obliterate.

L. B. W.



OLD WATCH-HOUSE AND MOAT.

Sussex. It is uncertain whether this Christopher More or his son, Sir William, actually built the Hall, though it is known that the former purchased the Manor.

The Hall itself was originally intended to be built, like so many of the Tudor and Jacobean houses, with a quadrangle or hollow square, but this appears not to have been finally carried out. After the death of Sir William More, a western wing was added, in the early part of James the First's reign, this contributing considerably to the appearance of the building. In this wing was a large hall, with a gallery some hundred and twenty feet in length by eighteen feet broad, the whole being lighted by a huge mullioned window. It contained also one of those chapels which were familiar features in most of the old Halls of that period. To the great detriment in the appearance of the Hall, this noble wing was, but a few years ago, pulled down, owing to the fact that it had been allowed to fall into decay. Loseley has been visited from time to time by many Royalties. Queen Elizabeth was there in 1577 and 1583, and yet again in 1591. Hanging in the hall is a portrait of her Royal brother by Holbein, also one of her mother, while of herself there is a memorial of her visits in the shape of the badges of York and Lancaster, with an inscription describing her as "Rosa Electa." This is a beautifully executed piece of work, and, framed, hangs in the drawing-room by the side of the exquisite fireplace. James I. and Queen Anne of Denmark visited Loseley in 1603 and 1606, and of them also, as memorials of their visits, there are portraits at the Hall. Prince Charles visited Sir George More in 1617, while, coming to recent



THE NORTH SIDE OF THE HALL.



BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



LOSELY HALL, AT PRESENT OCCUPIED BY MR. STANLEY CHRISTOPHERSON: THE MAIN ENTRANCE, SHOWING THE SENTINEL TREES.



THE SOUTH FRONT, LOOKING ACROSS THE MOAT.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A WELL-KNOWN literary agent has published a bright article upon publishers' readers. He thinks that the publisher's reader of the old times, who was often a man of considerable standing in letters, has disappeared and made way for an inferior class. He adduces the case of one publisher's reader who was formerly a clerk in the ticket-office of a suburban theatre. He tells a story of a celebrated novelist who submitted a manuscript to a particularly enterprising firm of publishers. The same night, she happened to be at a literary "At Home," where she met a pleasant but nervous boy of eighteen, who said to her, at last, "Oh, Miss ———, do let us talk business. You see, I am the reader for ———; I have come late because I have had to complete my reading of the book you sent our firm this afternoon. Really, you know, I think it is awfully good." A reference is made to one reader, formerly a lady's companion abroad, now on the regular staff of two or three firms and exercising great influence on a certain important literary publication. I venture to think the writer is not fully aware of the facts. The successful publisher nowadays does not depend on manuscripts sent in to him. He approaches authors, suggests subjects, and practically collects his own list. He does this, as a rule, with the help of an experienced man. He also does business with literary agents. Take away from the list the books arranged by the publisher and the books supplied by agents, and there is not much left. The proper function of a publisher's reader in these days is to suggest ideas and see that they are properly carried out. The firm that depends on manuscripts tumbled in by the postman is doomed to failure.

Manuscripts, it is true, are carefully examined; but only in rare cases by the professional reader for the firm. As a rule, publishers trust to their own judgment in regard to nine-tenths of them; that is, they promptly send them back. There are cases, though not many, where a publisher becomes enthusiastic over a manuscript he has received and sends it to press without further ado. Publishers nowadays know books and authors very well, and do not need much advice. But every publisher will confess that he wants ideas badly and is thankful to have them from any alert mind. It is true, a good many manuscripts are given out to be read by young people for small fees, but this is merely a precaution. Very little importance is attached to these opinions, but sometimes they help to keep a big fish from slipping through the net.

Mr. Austin Dobson's beautiful book, "The Ballad of Beau Brocade and Other Poems of the Eighteenth Century," is to be issued in an edition of two hundred and fifty copies, with all the illustrations coloured by hand. Both in this country and in America Mr. Dobson's books steadily circulate. It will be remembered that Coventry Patmore supported his claims to the Laureateship.

The first number of the *Scottish Historical Review* will be published by Messrs. MacLehose, of Glasgow, next month. The editor is Mr. George Neilson, the well-known Scottish antiquary. To the first number Dr. Hay Fleming will contribute the tracing of an inscribed stone recently found at St. Andrews. The magazine will have a literary flavour, Professor Walter Raleigh contributing a paper on the "Lives of Authors." Messrs. MacLehose maintain the literary traditions of Glasgow, and have some attractive books in the press, the chief being their noble edition of Hakluyt. Another is entitled "Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakspeare." It is edited by a rising

young Scottish scholar, Mr. Nichol Smith, and, I believe, will do something to rehabilitate Dr. Johnson's reputation as an editor of Shakspeare. The Master of Balliol will publish through Messrs. MacLehose his new work, "The Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers."

William Westall, the novelist, who died the other day, belonged to the class of competent and industrious workmen of which the late Mr. B. L. Farjeon was, perhaps, the most conspicuous example. He was a syndicate novelist. What that means nobody can tell but a syndicate novelist or his intimate friends. It implies a prodigious amount of labour which brings a certain pecuniary reward, though, as

a rule, very little permanent fame. The requirements for a successful syndicate novel are not the requirements of a good book. Mr. Westall was forty-five when he submitted his first novel to the late Mr. Tillotson, and for some twenty years he had gone on indefatigably. Like Mr. Farjeon, Mr. Westall enjoyed his life. He worked with zest to the end. If William Westall had written his experiences of life, and told them in the racy manner of his speech, they would have made a delightful and instructive book. For years he was a Foreign Correspondent, and it was his business, and his pleasure to be acquainted with notable people. Latterly he was little seen, though he turned up occasionally at the Whitefriars Club. He kept himself fit by physical exercise and was an active member of the Essex Hunt.

The clever lady who writes under the pseudonym "S. G. Tallentyre" has in the press "The Life of Voltaire," in two large volumes. It is claimed that this is the only complete biography of Voltaire in English. Mr. F. Espinasse published the first volume of a biography many years ago. It is a useful and valuable book, but was never completed. "S. G. Tallentyre" is, I believe, the sister-in-law of Henry Seton Merriman, with whom she wrote "The Money Spinner" and "Character Notes."

The little Memoir of Miss Anna Swanwick compiled by her niece and published by Mr. Fisher Unwin is amiable, but has no claim to be considered an expert bit of work. Miss Swanwick did good work as a translator, and was a pioneer in the higher education of women. Her original writing, however, is very weak, and the extracts from her letters give the same impression of a kindly and strenuous feebleness. There is very little that can be quoted. Mark Pattison is reported to

have said that he considered the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus without question the greatest poetical work of the world. Miss Swanwick asked the late Dean Plumptre whether he would have restored the ruined temples of the world or recover all the lost books. The Dean replied, "Certainly the lost books." Miss Swanwick deplored especially the sixty-eight lost dramas of Æschylus. Most of the letters are in this style: "I was so deeply impressed by the solitary grandeur of the position occupied by Dean Stanley on that occasion that I have compared him to Horatius standing alone on the bridge." Miss Swanwick was evidently much beloved and greatly respected by her friends.

The directors of Messrs. Cassell have declared an interim dividend at the rate of four per cent. per annum, which is the same as that paid for the last two years, one per cent. more than in 1900, and one per cent. less than in the previous year.



A NEW CARICATURE OF AN OLD FRIEND.



## FIVE NEW BOOKS.

## A PLEASANT FAMILY HISTORY.

The "A'Becketts of *Punch*" (Constable. 12s. 6d.) is one of those agreeable books, written by a clever and respected member of a clever and respected family, that invite friendly notice, but not criticism.

Where it keeps to the subject indicated by its title, it is a very pleasant family history, a credit to a creditable and popular father and sons who did much to raise the light literature of the "Hungry 'Forties" from the depths to which it had sunk in the hands of unscrupulous journalistic speculators. In Parliament there was oratory, but the oratory of men who were encouraged not to stop short at blackguardism, and their encouragers were journals and editors who ought to have set a better example. People were shot down in the streets for parading their starvation, and the "taxes on knowledge" were almost justified by



MR. A. W. A'BECKETT.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

the "knowledge" served out to the half-educated pupils. Mr. Arthur A'Beckett's book may be taken as a tablet laid upon the tombstone of his distinguished father, Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett. The tablet may or may not be necessary to keep his literary and magisterial memory green, but the surviving son has shown a right feeling in publishing it.

Reading between the lines, one chief object of the book is evidently to establish beyond dispute that the combined dramatist, journalist, and magistrate was the chief founder of *Punch*. In the days when *Punch* was started, 1841—or rather, evolved from a multitude of small predecessors, which came out one week to disappear the next—it was something to have founded a journal that has earned the respect and admiration of the English-speaking world for more than sixty years, and to have purged comic writing from brutality and indecency.

From the very first, *Punch* was fortunate in its editors. Gilbert A'Beckett, our author's father, was followed by Mark Lemon, who, whatever training he may have had for his work in strange and unlikely places, brought to his task an amount of tact and ability that secured the obedience of men like Douglas Jerrold, W. M. Thackeray, John Leech, John Tenniel, and many others. Thackeray was fond of what is called "fugitive writing"; his habits, moving from Club to Club, favoured the production of songs, parodies, and "squibs," and he was notoriously averse to desk-work and clerical drudgery. At one time he was gravitating towards swelldom and a Parliamentary membership.

The editor who followed Mark Lemon was Shirley Brooks, a bright, amiable gentleman who looked out for new talent and was always accessible. If necessary, he could have written any one number of *Punch* by himself. He was followed by Tom Taylor, a hard-working author-of-all-work, who had no particular "call" for his position except industry, business habits, and a friendly influence over contributors. He was the cleverest adapter of French plays in England. His successor was literally *Punch* himself, in the person of F. C. Burnand, who has a reserve force of fun enough to stock *Punch* for a century.

The artists, past and present, were always the backbone of the periodical, and to do them justice would require a volume as large as Mr. A. W. A'Beckett's timely production. Forty-three years' service by such a family on such a journal is something to be proud of in the often-despised records of comic literature. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

## "THE VISCOUNTESS NORMANHURST."

By EDWARD H. COOPER, R.  
(Grant Richards. 6s.)

Mr. Edward H. Cooper's novel is a love-story of a somewhat uncommon type, the story of the love of a man for a child. Its plot is ample, but were it plotless the excellence of its characterisation would still make it a notable work. Mr. Cooper has a peculiarly sympathetic manner in dealing with child life, child ways, child thought. His study of little Margery Fane, a strangely pathetic figure, turning the same face to the tears and laughter of the world, reserved almost to taciturnity, not emotionless but showing no emotion, galled by the kind charity of her protectors but helpless to avert it, is clear-cut as a cameo, delicate as a miniature, and will long remain something more than a name and a memory. The other characters are portrayed with equal skill; they are neither puppets masquerading as men and women, nor men and women masquerading as puppets. Nor do the pleasure-loving, scheming, inhuman mother, the Viscountess Normanhurst, and the coarse, bullying, and blackmailing millionaire, Gordon Snell, suffer from their superficial resemblance to "Mouse" and Billy Massarene. Marked as it is throughout with sureness of touch and thought, "The Viscountess Normanhurst" contains some passages that can only be described by the much-abused word "beautiful." The division headed "Margery Falls Ill," in particular, contains matter that is truly beautiful. So long as Mr. Cooper writes in the same strain, so long will his novels be eagerly-awaited and eagerly read.

## "CYNTHIA'S IDEAL."

By ADELINE SERGEANT.  
(Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

In this story Miss Sergeant exhibits her interest in female education. We are first introduced to Cynthia at her school—one of the modern sort, where the girls play hockey; and there Miss Leyton, with her grey-green eyes and waving masses of golden-brown hair, is, in spite of her poverty, the most interesting and most popular pupil. Her career will be followed with interest by thousands of girl readers, to whose parents and guardians the book may be unhesitatingly recommended. Everything ends well. Cynthia marries, first, the wrong man—the man of wealth who appeals to her love of ease and fine clothes, but who is not really a good man; and then, when he shoots himself to avoid arrest, his speculations on the Stock Exchange having gone wrong, we know instinctively that she will wed the pale, golden-haired artist who was kind to her in her youth and whose old father taught her history out of pure benevolence.

## "THE WOMAN WHO DARED."

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.  
(Methuen. 6s.)

"The Woman who Dared" is an excellent little story, of the kind which has always been popular since the days of the immortal Gaboriau. It is curious that some of the best detective-stories ever written have been imagined by women. "The Woman who Dared" does not reach the level of "The Leavenworth Case," but a little more pains taken over the construction, a little more elaboration of the various characters, and this story might have taken very high rank in what may be called Sherlock Holmes fiction. It would not be fair to Mrs. Williamson to give even a bare outline of her very ingenious plot; sufficient to say that she places her exciting little drama in the great world of politics and diplomacy, and that, while her hero and heroine are of good English stock, her most interesting and carefully described character is a great French actress who for a while, and for reasons not wholly discreditable to her, has been in the pay of the British Foreign Office. Needless to say, the author stretches somewhat unduly the long arm of coincidence; but coincidences even more incredible than any imagined by the most skilful of sensation-mongers occasionally come to pass in real life, and the clever and versatile lady who wrote those two charming books, "The Barn Stormers" and "The Adventure of Princess Sylvia," here proves that she can achieve success in a more difficult branch of fiction.

## "ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND."

By ALLEN RAINE.  
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

"On the Wings of the Wind" is one of those rare love-stories that verge upon folk-lore, and gain in interest accordingly. It is well conceived and ably written, and seldom fails to command the attention. The characters—chief and minor—are excellent, and, in their several ways, entertaining, be it by their pathos, their love-making, or their eccentricities. Nor is the story, the scene of which, it is hardly necessary to point out to those who know the author's previous work, is laid in Wales, less engrossing from the fact that its subsidiary plot is more evident than is customary, or that it is always obvious that the rough course of the love of Miriel Lloyd and Doctor Dan—so nearly parted by mutual reserve and mutual misunderstanding—will eventually run smooth. Mr. Allen Raine adds to his gift of skilful characterisation a decided taste for the picturesque in scheme and setting.



"IT'S A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY:  
IT'S A WAY THEY HATE IN THE NAVY!"—(OLD SONG, ADAPTED.)

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

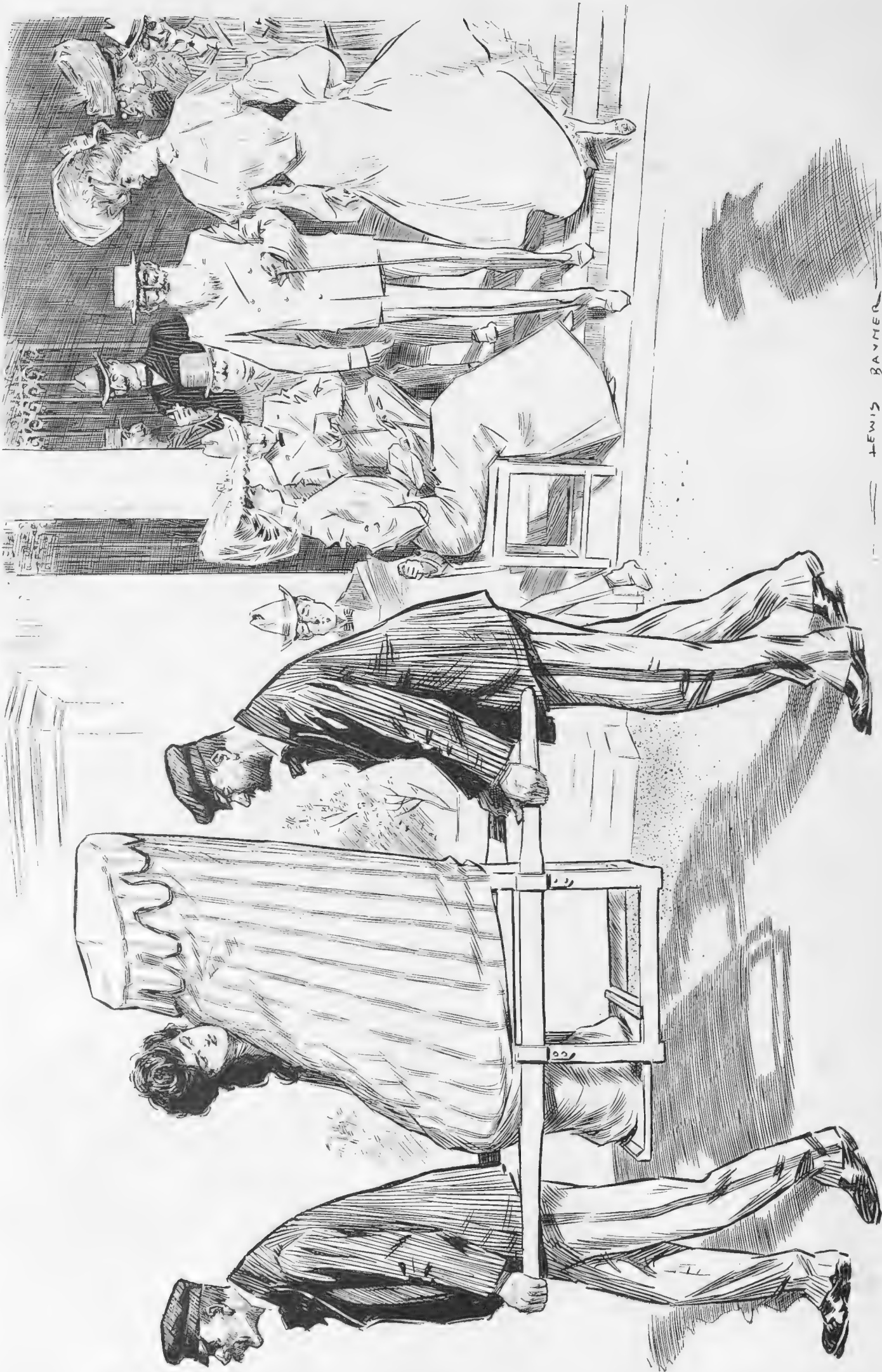




THE DUDE'S PROGRESS.

"I say, don't be so—beg pardon!—so beastly haughty!"

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



EXTRACT FROM SIXTH LETTER:

... I left Dieppe the day after the races for Aix-les-Bains, and here I am, enjoying the cure—of nothing in particular. I am awfully annoyed. I was leaving the baths this

morning in my chair, when I thought I heard a voice I knew, and couldn't resist sticking my head out. It WAS that wretched Baron again. Another coincidence, I suppose! . . .



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE REFORMATION OF CIRCE.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

"FOR the last time, then —"

"For the last time, no!"

Ransom looked sorrowfully into his friend's face. The note of finality in that brief negative was unmistakable. And the pity of it! Immense! Inexpressible!

"I shall not come again, Derrator. But now that you are sending me away—we shall likely enough never meet again—you are going to hear the truth!"

Derrator bowed.

"Be precise, my dear friend," he murmured, with a faint note of irony in his tone. "I am going to hear your view of the truth."

"I do not accept the correction," Ransom answered, quickly. "There are times when a man can make no mistake, and this is one of them. You shall hear the truth, and when you have spun out your days here to their limit, your days of sybaritic idleness, you shall hear it again—only it will be too late. Mind that—it will be too late! You are fighting against Nature. You were born to rule, to be master over men. You have power—the gift of swaying the minds and hearts of your fellow-creatures. Once you accepted your destiny, your feet were planted firmly upon the great ladder, you could have climbed—where you would!"

"My friend," Derrator murmured, "it was not worth while."

Ransom turned upon him fiercely.

"Not worth while! Is it worth while, then, to loiter in your flower-gardens, to be a dilettante student, to write fugitive verses, to dream away your days in the idleness of a purely enervating culture? Life apart from one's fellows must always lack robustness. You have the instincts of the creator, Derrator. You cannot stifle them. Some day the cry of the world will fall upon your ears, and it may be too late. For the place of all men some time or other is filled."

Derrator lit a cigarette, and took his friend by the arm.

"Come," he said. "You have plenty of time for the train. I will tell the carriage to go on to the top of the hill. I want to show you my possessions."

Ransom recognised a purpose in his friend's invitation. Together they climbed the mountainous path. At the summit Derrator paused.

"Look around," he said.

"It is a beautiful view," Ransom admitted, coldly.

Derrator laughed softly.

"Look again," he said. "There is the sea, the moor! Turn your face to the wind: can you smell the heather? We have left the rose-gardens below, Ransom. This is Nature—the mother, the mistress beneficent, wonderful! You are a man of cities. Stay here with me for a day or two, and the joy of all these things will steal into your blood—and you will know what peace is."

"Peace is for the dead," Ransom answered, fiercely; "the last reward, perhaps, of a breaking life. The life effective, militant, is the only life for men. Break away from it, Derrator, for God's sake! Yours is the *fainéant* spirit of the decadent. Were you born into the world, do you think, to loiter through life an idle worshipper at the altar of beauty? Who are you to dare to skulk in quiet places while the battle of life is fought by others?"

Derrator smiled quietly—the smile that Ransom hated.

"Dear friend," he said, "the world can get on very well without me, and I have no need of the world. The battle that you speak of—well, I too have been in the fray, as you know. The memory of it is still a nightmare to me."

"You were ill-treated, Derrator," Ransom interrupted; "but your return would be all the more a triumph. You will go straight into office. The Premier himself is your suppliant."

Derrator shook his head.

"Let us confine our conversation to generalities," he said, drily. "Do not think that I nourish any resentment against the Party for whom I laboured. I owe them nothing but thanks for driving me out. Only, I have learned my lesson. The strenuous life which you would glorify I have tried and found wanting. All the great causes of life are honeycombed with the disease of man's ambition and vanity and greed. For me the bottom has been knocked out of the whole thing. I have found here the life that satisfies me. Come and see me when you will, Ransom, but never again as an ambassador."

And Ransom was silent, because he had no more to say. The two men stood side by side, watching the carriage from below crawl up the hill. Before it reached them, however, the horn of a motor-car, approaching in the opposite direction, drove them to the side of the road. They both turned. A slow, enigmatic smile transformed Ransom's face. After all, there was hope, then.

The car passed them—without undue speed, but enveloped in a cloud of dust. Derrator watched the woman, and Ransom watched

the man who had once been his bosom-friend. He saw the woman's languid curiosity flash from her deep-blue eyes, Derrator's arrestment of all expression, his sudden, faint start as the woman's lips curved into what, with longer waiting, might have developed into a smile. The episode, if it was to be ranked as such, was over.

Ransom, from his seat in the carriage, leaned over to say a final word.

"My mission, Derrator," he said, "must be written down a failure. Yet I am one of those who cling to thin chances, so I want you to remember this: All that I have said remains in force for six months from to-day. The solitude which has brought you a certain measure of madness may carry in its bosom its own antidote. Therefore, I shall not despair. *Au revoir*, Derrator!"

"Farewell!" Derrator answered, with a wave of the hand.

She came to the boundary-hedge, a gleam of white, tall, a little ghost-like with the smooth grace of her silent movements. She was bareheaded; she came to him out of the late twilight as one walking through a mist. As she walked she sang softly, at first to herself, then to him. He heard her, frowning. He was pale and nervous.

"Is it true," he asked, abruptly, "that you are going?"

"But why not?" she answered, with gently upraised eyebrows. "One does not come to such places as these for always. One sleeps through the night, but the daytime—ah, that is different!"

"You have been contented here?"

"More than contented! I have been almost happy," she answered.

"Then why go back?" he asked, with a sudden fierceness in his tone. "What is there in the world so beautiful, after all? Here are the sun, and the sea, and the wind—it is the flower-garden of life. Stay and pick the roses with me!"

She shook her head.

"I am not like that," she answered, slowly. "Life may have its vulgarities, its weariness and its disappointments, but it is the only place for men and women. The fight may be sordid and the prizes tinsel—yet it is only the cowards who linger without."

"Still, you have been content here," he repeated, hoarsely.

"Content to rest," she answered; "but one does not sleep for ever. We were, neither of us, born to linger in a maze of abstractions. The contemplative life is for the halt and maimed of the world. We others must carry our burden into the thick of the battle."

"You speak to-night in allegories," he said. "You mean that you will return to London?"

"Of course!"

"And leave me here, after these days together—after everything?"

Her eyes sought his, and the man's heart beat to passionate music.

"That," she murmured, "is as you will, Sir Hermit. Only it is certain that I must go. As for you—well, you are a man. It is for you to choose."

He sprang over the low paling. She swayed towards him with outstretched arms. Together they passed away into the world of shadows.

"You wonderful woman!" Ransom murmured. "What can we give you? A peerage in your own right, a diamond tiara——?"

"Don't talk nonsense!" she interrupted, a little sharply. "The Governorship for Herbert was all that I asked, and that he has. For the rest, I wonder sometimes—I wonder whether I do not regret."

Ransom stared at her in amazement.

"Regret?"

"Yes. I do not believe that he is happy."

Ransom sighed meditatively. After all, the ways of women were indeed mysterious.

"Pardon me," he remarked, "but that sounds a little sentimental, does it not?"

"If it is—what then? Am I too old or too world-weary for sentiment?"

Ransom was not at his ease.

"You amaze me, Adelaide," he said. "I regard you—we all regard you—as Derrator's saviour. He had committed moral suicide; it was you who disinterested him. The world owes you much for that; we owe you more; Derrator, perhaps, owes you most."

"Perhaps," she murmured; "perhaps not."

"But I do not understand your hesitation," Ransom persisted. "Derrator's career was ended. It was you who brought him once more into touch with great things, and you can see for yourself the outcome. Did you ever know a man grip the helm more firmly? He will be Prime Minister in five years."

"Prime Minister, perhaps; but will he be happy?" she asked.

Once more Ransom looked at her in surprise.

"Happy, Adelaide! I do not understand you. The man's career was ended. It was you who brought him back before the footlights. Of all your achievements I think that was the greatest."

"And of all my achievements," she answered, "it is the one of which I am least proud. You and I are both worldly persons, Ransom, but I yield the palm to you. To tell the truth, I am not happy about Derrator."

"You lingered too long with him in his lotos-land," Ransom said, with a subtle note of mockery in his tone. "His rose-gardens were very beautiful, but there was poison in every blossom—the 'poison of honey-flowers,' you know. I trust that none of it has found its way into your veins."

"I am not so sure," she answered, a little defiantly. "After all, a man is great by what he is, not by what he does."

"Hush! He is coming," Ransom said, quickly. "I am going to look for Milligan. Find out what he has decided about Duncan's offer."

Derrator sank into the seat which Ransom had vacated. He was a little tired and there were dark lines under his eyes. The woman watched him closely.

"You are weary," she whispered.

"It is nothing," he answered. "Already I have forgotten it. I have been looking for you."

For once she was tongue-tied. She knew quite well that the psychological moment had arrived. Every muscle of his face seemed set into nervous lines.

"I have been looking for you," he repeated, in a low, deep tone, his eyes fixed steadfastly upon her. "I have something to say."

"Well?" she murmured.

"I think," he continued, "that to-night I may speak. I have obeyed your call. For your sake I have broken a vow which had become to me almost a holy thing. The time has come, Adelaide, when I claim my reward."

For the moment she was evasive. Her eyes were fastened upon his face, as though she would read his unspoken thoughts.

"My friend," she said, "that sounds a little like an accusation. I persuaded you to break your vow because I honestly believed that you were wasting your life. I thought that you only needed to feel yourself once more in touch with the great world, and your only regret would be for the years which you had wasted. To-night I have been watching you, and I am not sure that I was right."

He looked straight ahead. Could he, too, she wondered, be wandering once more in that world of shadows where the cedar-trees drooped low and the perfume of the roses hung heavy upon the air? Underneath the lace of her gown her bosom was quickly rising and falling. She leaned forward and touched him on the arm.

"You shall have your answer," she whispered, "and it shall be 'yes.' But there is a condition."

The momentary flash of joy in his face died away. "Another!"

She leaned a little forward.

"Do not be afraid, dear," she whispered. "The condition is only this—that you take me back to where I found you. Only a little while ago I was a missionary; to-day I am myself a convert. Let us go back together—and hear whether the nightingales are singing still!"

So Derrator was never Prime Minister, after all.







## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



INASMUCH as the County Council's latest large report concerning London and those who live in it affirms that both the General Public and those who have to amuse them are increasing by leaps and bounds, then one may reasonably cease to wonder at the many new places of amusement which are springing up around us. Three of these impending new amusement-resorts are to open almost immediately, namely, the New Gaiety, the Marlborough Theatre, Holloway, and the mammoth Variety Theatre which one of the biggest West-End Variety Syndicates is to run in the midst of that vast suburban district generically named Walthamstow.

The first of the impending new theatres which has just fixed a definite date for opening is the aforesaid beautiful new Marlborough Theatre, which that experienced impresario Mr. F. W. Purcell has, per the designs of Mr. Frank Matcham, had built in the most important part of the Holloway Road. This theatre, absolutely one of the most spacious and most commodious of the several new playhouses I have just minutely inspected, is to open next Monday, Oct. 5, when the Carl Rosa Opera Company will present all its "stars" in the one evening in a miscellaneous bill, and will, during the remainder of the week, present one opera per night, with the respective "stars" engaged therein.

The same architect, Mr. Frank Matcham, is also busy on one of the biggest amusement temples ever seen even in this mammoth Metropolis. This is the huge Colosseum which Mr. Oswald Stoll, of the ubiquitous firm of Moss and Stoll—or "Moss's Empires, Limited"—is to build. When this Colosseum, which takes in a large corner of St. Martin's Lane and the adjoining Chandos Street, opens, a few months hence, it will be found to possess the nearest approach to a "Continuous" Variety Show yet seen outside the United States, where the "Continuous" entertainment is rather common—in more senses than one.

This London "Continuous" show will not include those peculiar entertainers known there as "chasers." Do you know what a "chaser" is? No? Well, then, it is always the worst possible artist that can be got for a high salary, such artist being reserved to send on when the "Continuous" show patrons seem likely to stop in longer than the management think they should. Thus, your "chaser" chases the lingerers outside and so makes room for other paying folk.

The next new West-End production threatened is "Dolly Varden," which at the time of writing is due at the Avenue to-morrow (Thursday)

evening. This latest American importation has been written by Mr. Stanislaus Stange (one of the adapters of "Quo Vadis?") and set to music by Mr. Julian Edwards, who, before he emigrated to America many years ago, wrote a comic opera called "Dorothy." That was some few years before the "Dorothy" book was fitted by Mr. B. C. Stephenson to the music which the late Mr. Alfred Cellier had written for a much earlier-period opera called "Nell Gwynne." "Dolly Varden" is based upon Wycherley's wickedest of plays, "The Country Wife."

I have just heard that Mr. Lewis Waller has secured for use at the Imperial (after he has produced Mr. John Davidson's new version of "Ruy Blas" there) an adaptation of Mr. S. R. Crockett's stirring romance entitled "Lochinvar." Mr. Crockett has just celebrated his forty-third birthday.

"The Money-Makers" is what the "Wreck" in "The Gay Lord Quex" would call the "very allurin'" title of a new farcical comedy which Mr. George Rollit has written and copyrighted for production ere long at a West-End theatre. Mr. Rollit has hitherto been known principally as a music-hall and musical-play lyricist. In the first-named capacity he penned several of Miss Marie Lloyd's best ballads.

The Messrs. Gatti inform me that they and Mr. Charles Frohman must perforce find another theatre for the production of Captain Hood's new comedy originally intended for the Vaudeville. This theatre will, I find, be occupied by the still enormously successful Barrie play, "Quality Street," until Christmas, when Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Ivan Caryll's new fairy-play, still called "The Cherry Girl," must be produced; or rather, it will be presented by Messrs. Gatti and Frohman a few days before the Boxing Night pantomime and other holiday-play rush.

"Miriam" is the somewhat unattractive and not altogether novel name which Mr. Stephen Phillips has given to the new seventeenth-century "Puritan" play which he has written for Mr. Willard. I have already told you that Mr. Phillips based this Cavalier v. Roundhead drama upon a certain unhappy incident not utterly unconnected with the history of King David and the wife of Uriah the Hittite.

For the farewell benefit of the veteran and now invalided actor, Mr. John Billington, at the Haymarket next Tuesday afternoon, a splendid programme has been provided, including all the principal "stars," from Sir Henry Irving downwards. Mr. Cyril Maude will appear in a new play, adapted from Mr. W. W. Jacobs's story, entitled "The Monkey's Paw."

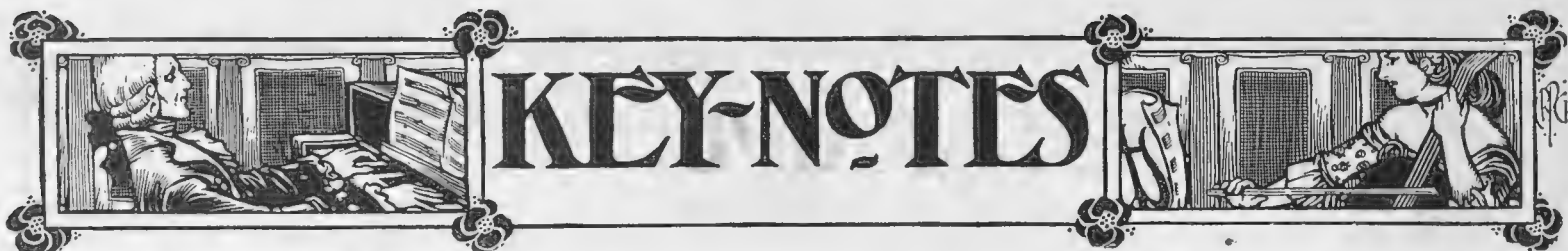


MISS DOROTHY GRIMSTON  
(DAUGHTER OF MRS. KENDAL), IN "THE GOLDEN SILENCE."  
AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



A STIRRING SCENE IN "THE FLOOD-TIDE" AT DRURY LANE: ACT. II.—THE PADDOCK AT KEMPTON PARK.



MESSRS. FRANCIS, DAY, AND HUNTER appear likely to revolutionise the music trade by their determination to issue sixpenny songs after the manner of the sixpenny novels with which we are naturally all so familiar. The inflated price of music has for long been a matter of grievance with many an amateur to



MR. COLIN McALPIN, COMPOSER OF "THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT."

whom facility of purchase would really have been a genuine blessing. Music, it is well known, has always taken an unconscionable time to follow in the footsteps of literature; it may therefore pass as something in the nature of a miracle that, in this instance, an enterprising firm has advanced the business side of music to a point that lies within the last half-century of publishing possibilities.

The sixpenny song will, in future, be a matter to meditate over as a possible asset in the acquisitions

of the suburban pocket. The twopenny song was, frankly, too old-fashioned. "The Song that Reached my Heart" has not the modern qualities of the song that once would have drained the purse; and the sooner a glorifying anthem in their own honour is published by Messrs. Francis, Day, and Hunter, the better will our occasional sixpences be spent.

The day of the Sacred Song is not yet overpast, and even Messrs. Novello are not above issuing "inspirations" which remind one of Gounod and of his most cloying moods. We say so much without desiring to cast any sort of slight upon the name of Mr. James Smith, who has just written the music of a hymn entitled "There is a Land of Pure Delight"—without any determinate reference to "There is a Green Hill." The song is really quite well-meaning; but human nature, there is no doubt about it, cannot exist upon musical dreams that are altogether unconvincing and not a little commonplace. Mr. Smith has here not written a single line which suggests any land of pure delight, wherever that land may be. But he has certainly followed popular examples in his composition; and the discipleship of any popularity is more or less a pass to success. Success depends on accidents strange and mysterious.

What success, for example, ever attended upon the weary footsteps of a Mozart or a Schubert? They never took a popular standpoint; and they never, in consequence, lived reasonably comfortable lives. Think what a life Wagner's would have been considered had he died just before the age of forty! His genius would never have been known, his art would never have asserted itself, his revolutionary ideas would never have taken root, nothing which has made for modern music would have been suggested to this and the last generation if the genius of the time, the *Zeitgeist*, had never approached the desire and the dream of Richard Wagner. But this is, to a large extent, a philosophical problem very difficult to unravel and answer.

But Wagner has created modernity in music. "Tristan" still remains a sort of "proof-charge" in this respect. A few nights ago, for example,

Mr. Colin McAlpin's new opera, "The Cross and the Crescent," was produced at Covent Garden, as the result of a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound prize offered by Mr. Charles Manners for the best opera submitted to him by a British composer. The opera is cleverly orchestrated, and its story (which is that of "Pour la Couronne") is naturally dramatic and significant. But where would Mr. McAlpin have been if Wagner had never written "Tristan"? It is true that the new score is clever, is attractive, is not wanting in dramatic sentiment; but it is most undoubtedly a fact that Mr. McAlpin depends upon Richard Wagner for his ideals in operatic writing. It is an excellent dependence, but the fact remains that the young composer of to-day has scarcely learned independence. The net cast by that master-brain has been all too comprehensive.—COMMON CHORD.

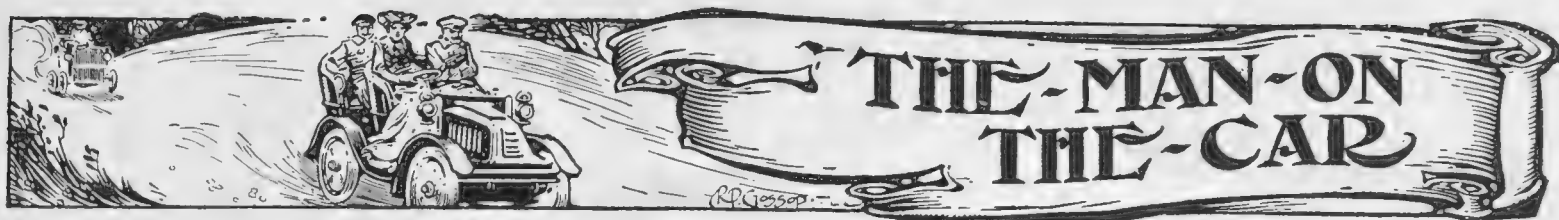
Few singers have made a greater name in this country than has Mdle. Rosa Olitzka, the famous Russian contralto. Both as a concert-singer and in the more arduous rôles of Wagnerian opera she is equally at home. It is now some four or five years since Mdle. Olitzka made her début at Covent Garden as Elsa in "Lohengrin," and since then her reputation has steadily increased, until now she is numbered among the few singers of foremost rank. After fulfilling an engagement with the Philharmonic Society, Mdle. Olitzka purposes going on a six weeks' tour with Mr. John Coates, the rising young tenor who has so greatly increased his reputation by his performance at the Hereford Festival, and Madame Ella Russell. During the tour some thirty concerts will be given.



MDLLE. OLITZKA, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN CONTRALTO.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.





*The Trials—Dust and Mud—Boys, Caps, and Cars.*

CIRCUMSTANCES render it necessary for me to pen these notes before the close of the Thousand-mile Reliability Trials which came to an end last Saturday. I am, therefore, unable to afford my readers anything like the finite results of what must undoubtedly prove one of the most searching trials to which motor-cars intended for everyday use on the public roads of this country could well be subjected. It must be borne in mind that delay for any purpose whatsoever means a loss of marks, and, as no car-respecting driver could possibly bring himself to drive his vehicle and run his engine for over a thousand miles without any sort of attention whatever, it naturally follows that no single car can possibly attain the maximum number of marks. Petrol and lubricating tanks and force-feed grease-cups must be replenished with the necessary lubricants, and little adjustments have from time to time inevitably to be made. Therefore, the car whose mechanism is constructed so as to avoid waste of oil and whose driver saves time by constant attention to little details will, providing that everything else is satisfactory, come through with the least possible loss of marks, which is the thing to be aimed at.

trials to which the entered cars were subject. Upon the return journey from Southsea, and after the hill-climb of the Hindhead going out, the cars were first stopped for the Judges to appraise the marks for appearance, and then subjected to a surprise-stop on the lower grade of the decline just mentioned. A man armed with a red flag suddenly sprang out from behind a furze-bush, and the car so signalled was required to pull-up dead as soon as might be.

The speed-tests were held on the Front at Bexhill last Thursday, when each car, taking a shooting start off the hill to the east of the town, was driven its hardest for 880 yards against the watch. This short sprint was most properly introduced into the trials for the purpose of preventing the entry of very low-g geared cars. The rules of this test had been most carefully drawn with a view to the entire exclusion of freak vehicles, and therein I am bound to say they have been particularly successful. I shall have more to say upon the whole matter when the Judges have made the final award of marks.



THE LATEST CRYSTAL PALACE RECORD: MR. LETTS DRIVES HIS OLDSMOBILE CAR UP AND DOWN THE STEPS LEADING TO THE TERRACE.

*Photographs by Russell.*

The brake-tests through which the cars were put last Tuesday week were of the most searching character. Brakes that passed them satisfactorily, provided they are always kept properly adjusted, can be thoroughly relied upon, but the proper adjustment and its retention is the crux of the whole matter. No sort of brake which is constantly in use on a motor-car will remain long at its maximum efficiency without attention. Joints wear, rods and wires stretch, so that these most necessary safeguards of the car-drivers' and the public weal require very careful watching. The paid mechanic may sometimes but not always be trusted. It is well when starting out on your car to test both foot- and side-brakes before the car has covered many yards, and, if they do not appear to exert their maximum stopping-power, to look to them at once. That they will slow the car is not enough: they must be capable of application so that they will stop her, for on that sudden stopping-power, which, by the way, is the everyday boast of the automobilist, may depend not only the life and limbs of the car-owner and his friends, but those of the lieges who, motorphobist as they may be, must be regarded.

Dust and mud are the great enemies of the motor-car, and the weather-god has been pleased to provide both in plenty for the trial of the cars. The three opening days were as dusty as dusty could be, while on the second day of last week, on the return journey from Folkestone at least, mud and wet grit in plenty were provided by the downpour which assailed the cars on the Folkestone-Maidstone section of the drive. Nor were those I have dwelt upon the end of the

Much driving prompts me to ask what amusement dirty little boys can possibly derive from laying their caps down in the road in order that car-wheels may pass over them, or throwing them at the vehicle as it speeds by. To lay their headgear in the dust and dirt harms nothing but such gear; but to throw caps at cars is a horse of quite another colour, particularly with regard to chain-driven cars. Should the cap drop upon the inner face of the chain, as it is very likely to do, it will, in all probability, be carried round the sprocket or chain-wheel, with the effect of greatly straining, if not breaking, the chain and its attendant parts. The best cure for cap-prostration and throwing in any particular neighbourhood is to slow up, descend, capture the caps, and, driving away, jettison them in some lonely field. This course, followed upon one or two occasions in a cap-throwing district, would quickly put an end to the practice.

The brake-tests at the Crystal Palace, though severe, presented but little difficulty to most of the competitors, and even the dust, noise, and vibration tests faded into insignificance before the momentous question whether the cars could negotiate the Hindhead and climb Westerham Hill. For at least one of the chauffeurs these difficult ascents could have had but little terror, since Mr. Letts actually drove his car up the steps from the Crystal Palace grounds on to the Terrace and down again. It is said that an American who was present, while admitting that the performance was "slick," remarked that a friend of his, a "steeple-jack," always used his car when engaged in the exercise of his profession.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Future Events—No Doping—Trial Riding.*

**M**ATIERS have been deadly dull in the racing world of late, and the sport has been mediocre in the extreme. There should be a big crowd at Newmarket this week, and the feature of the fixture will, of course, be the meeting of Sceptre and Rock Sand in the race for the Jockey Club Stakes. I think the mare will confirm the Sandown running, and she should score cleverly. I am told that Caravel is a rare good thing for the Duke of York Stakes, but Darling's horses have been conquering, and backers should await developments. The majority of the Newmarket men of observation consider the Cesarewitch to be a gift for Zinfandel, who is said to be at least the stoutest three-year-old in training at the present time. However, the foreigners have their eye on this race, so we ought to see some fun. The Cambridgeshire continues to attract plenty of speculation. I am sorry to hear that my special fancy, Lavengro, has been on the walking list;

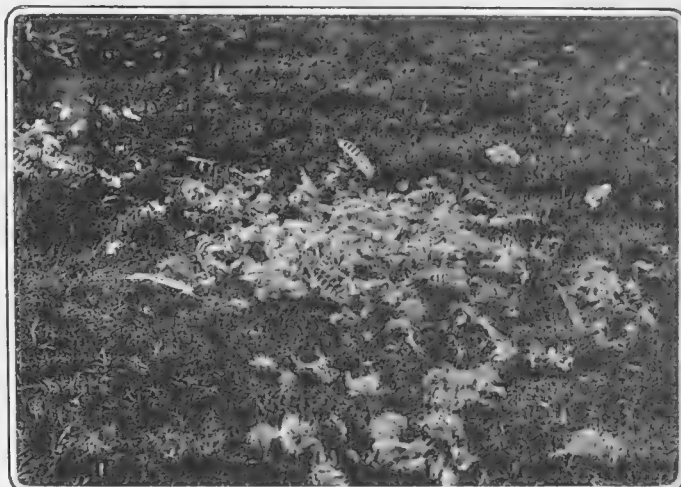


THE PHEASANT SEASON: THE GUARDIANS OF THE COVERT.

but I shall not desert him just yet, as I am told that at one part of his two-year-old career he was considered to be very nearly the best of Mr. Sievier's lot, and that is quite good enough for me.

It is a matter for congratulation that the Stewards of the Jockey Club are determined to put a stop to doping. Anyone acquainted with the working of the drug could detect at a glance when a horse had been doped. A doped animal shows it in his eyes, but what should be more apparent to the uninitiated is the fact that he breaks out behind the girths and sometimes is even smothered with a white lather. Only the other day I saw an animal that had palpably been doped. On the book he had not a 100-to-1 chance of winning, yet he won all the same, and that pretty comfortably too. He looked like a half-dazed animal when going to the post, yet went careering all over the course. He came back straight enough, and, in my opinion, had never travelled half so fast in all his life. Luckily for those concerned, the start was not delayed, or the power of the drug might have become exhausted before the fall of the white flag.

Some years ago the Stewards of the Jockey Club objected to the papers printing the trials that took place at Newmarket, but now it is possible to read in print the particulars of any trial half-an-hour after it has taken place. But trials do not work out now as they did years ago, and the reason is not far to seek. Trainers put up stable-boys and antediluvian jockeys in the training gallops, with the result that



THE PHEASANT SEASON: REMAINS OF A FOX'S FEAST.

trials tell them little or nothing. I think trials should be ridden by the best available jockeys, though it must be confessed that some jockeys are exceptionally fitted for trial-riding. CAPTAIN COE.



FEEDING YOUNG BIRDS ON A PHEASANT-FARM.

*Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.*

## THE PHEASANT-SHOOTING SEASON.

To-morrow (Oct. 1) pheasant-shooting begins, and sportsmen who have been disappointed at the results of the campaign against the little brown bird will have ample opportunity to display their prowess with the gun. The inclement weather has, of course, been the cause of the comparative failure of the partridge-shooting season, but this has had little or no effect on the supply of pheasants. While the partridge in its infancy has to take all the changes and chances of climatic conditions, the young pheasant is, so to speak, nursed with the utmost care till ready for the gun. On the numerous pheasant-farms in this country hundreds of thousands of young pheasants are hatched out by the broody hens who act as foster-mothers, the eggs being collected daily and a score or so placed in each nest. In addition to the professional pheasant-farms, on almost every sporting estate in the kingdom not the least arduous of the game-keeper's duties is the rearing of young birds destined to be shot. His Majesty has extensive pheasantries at Sandringham, and nowhere in England is more attention given to the scientific rearing of the birds. The nest-boxes are put out in the coverts and guarded by night and day, since foxes, stoats, weasels, hedgehogs, squirrels, and even predaceous birds, have a curious liking for pheasant-eggs. When hatched, the young pheasants are placed in the open fields, where they remain till ready for the covert. Though reared under these artificial and prosaic conditions, the pheasant is by no means easily brought down, and many American sportsmen who openly derided the shooting of "tame birds" have found its speed too great for them, and have had, perchance, only some fine tail-feathers to show as their share of the spoils.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE woman who aspires to sables, chinchilla, or ermine this winter is one of bold ambitions or prosperous purse, or both. For never, never have so many daughters of Eve wanted these precious possessions so imperatively, and never have their husbands or uncles, or bill-discounters of whatever genus, had to pay so much as they will have to for such gauds and baubles as this season.



[Copyright.]

MOUSE-COLOURED SERGE AND PLAIN CLOTH.

A flying visit to ever-fascinating Paris has simply exhausted all adjectives of admiration and expressions of surprise at the ravishments and cost of clothes in this year of grace and self-gratification. "Have we exchanged this workaday world for a planet full of millionaires?" I asked myself, and felt like a new Alice in an inordinately wealthy Wonderland. Lace, velvet, embroidery, brocade, fur and jewels, unsparingly applied one to the other with bewilderingly beautiful effect but unmistakably extravagant aftermath. Where in the world, one is disposed to inquire, does all the money come from? Somebody must buy and wear that real-lace gown at eleven thousand francs, or that sable pelerine at thirty, or that embroidered opera-cloak at a mere two thousand, before they descend to the second-hand limbo of the wardrobe-keeper, where velvet and embroidery so often journey after a brief butterfly existence in upper air.

Paris, in fact, out-Paris's itself this autumn. Never were its "creations" so exquisite or so ruinous, and, as if to set the seal of folly on this gay and giddy generation, I, with these eyes, beheld several women, obviously fashionable, disporting crinoline! Alarming as the statement seems, its cause was by no means unsightly or even eccentric. These crinolines were bell-shaped and of merely slight circumference; but there was a distinct revival of the "bustle," which, carried to the end of the skirt, caused that peculiar "waggle" which nothing but a steel-barred skirt imparts. Crinolines have been also exploited by a few *mondaines* at Aix, and on my homeward way

from Paris I met another in the baccarat-rooms at Boulogne, worn over a pink muslin, which it supported "with many a flirt and flutter," like Poe's inimitable bird. One may venture to predict that if the stage, in the absence of any fashion-leader over here, takes up crinoline, we shall all become quite accustomed to this erstwhile bogey in a few months, and "swish our skirts" with the utmost *sang-froid* in next Season's Park.

By the way, talking of clothes and the cost of things generally to all whom it may concern, let me impart that the latest way of getting money is to possess a husband who buys up Companies cheap, say, at six hundred pounds sterling, sells to the public for sixty thousand, makes his own shares over to his wife, who gives luncheon-parties assiduously, sells her shares to the lunchers, and comes out at the top with a steam-yacht, carriages, diamonds, and other desirable items. One gets quite a little object-lesson in how these things are done by reading the financial papers. The *Investor's Review* of Sept. 19 is especially explicit and interesting. It all sounds so simple and easy, too!

Yet let no lady yearn for diamonds as one without hope while we have the inestimable and unapproachable Parisian Diamond Company in our midst. I have been in view of Boucheron himself this last week, yet not all his wondrous ways with pearls and diamonds are more subtle, more exquisite, than the intricate art of the Parisian Diamond Company. Their shop at the top of Bond Street is a veritable Eve's apple to hundreds daily of Eve's daughters. Emerald, ruby, pearl, and the eternal glamour of the diamond are here intensified



[Copyright.]

A NEW AUTUMN DESIGN.

by the allurements of artistic design and skilful setting. Their methods and style are alike unique and past imitation. Kings amongst gem-setters are the artists of the Parisian Diamond Company.

Now that we shall all be soon hurrying homewards from foreign



parts and settling into the fireside cosiness of our island winter, let me advise the wise woman when overhauling the tired-out garments of a past Season's campaign to try a course of Campbell, of Perth, on her soiled and tumbled finery. So many people condemn their clothes unheard, as it were, without giving the chance of that new lease of life which the magicians of Perth are able to bestow. Of course, we all send our curtains and cushions and blankets and *duvets* to Campbell as regularly as the seasons wax and wane. But frocks are too often set aside for the poor relation or the wardrobe-keeper which are quite worth the renewal of youth that Campbell, of Perth, is especially qualified to bestow, and in these expensive days the matter is emphatically one of moment. The pale-pastel tones of summer cloth gowns can be dyed darker shades without unpicking or disarrangement, while the most elaborately embroidered gauze or chiffon cloaks or costumes come back looking as new as if just sent home by the *couturière*. Everybody, in fact, with a soul inclined to cleanliness and economy should, "when in doubt, try Campbell."

SYBIL.

#### PRIZES FOR ARCHITECTS.

At the present time, when, owing to County Council improvements, American hotel syndicates and what not, Central London is being adorned with so many tremendous and pretentious new buildings, our own ruling powers might take a hint from the Municipality of Paris, which offers a series of prizes and honourable mentions each year to the architects of the most decorative private buildings erected during the previous twelve months. Five hundred architects have, it appears, entered for this year's competition, for which the judging has already commenced. There might be difficulties in the way of the adoption of the system in England, but it seems a pity that something more than a commercial reward cannot be extended to the architect of, say, the latest new public-house in the Strand!

#### "DANTE" AT THE CORONET.

Mr. Calmour's "Dante," which is being played at the Coronet, Notting Hill, with Mr. Cooper Cliffe in the title-rôle, in no way resembles M. Sardou's. Its incidents are drawn from the life of Dante, not from his poems; therefore the piece has no likeness to that which Sir Henry Irving staged, either in story, characteristics, or treatment. "I have endeavoured," Mr. Calmour says, "to show Dante as a sympathetic, pure, and noble-minded man, a lover of his country, and a defender of the oppressed."

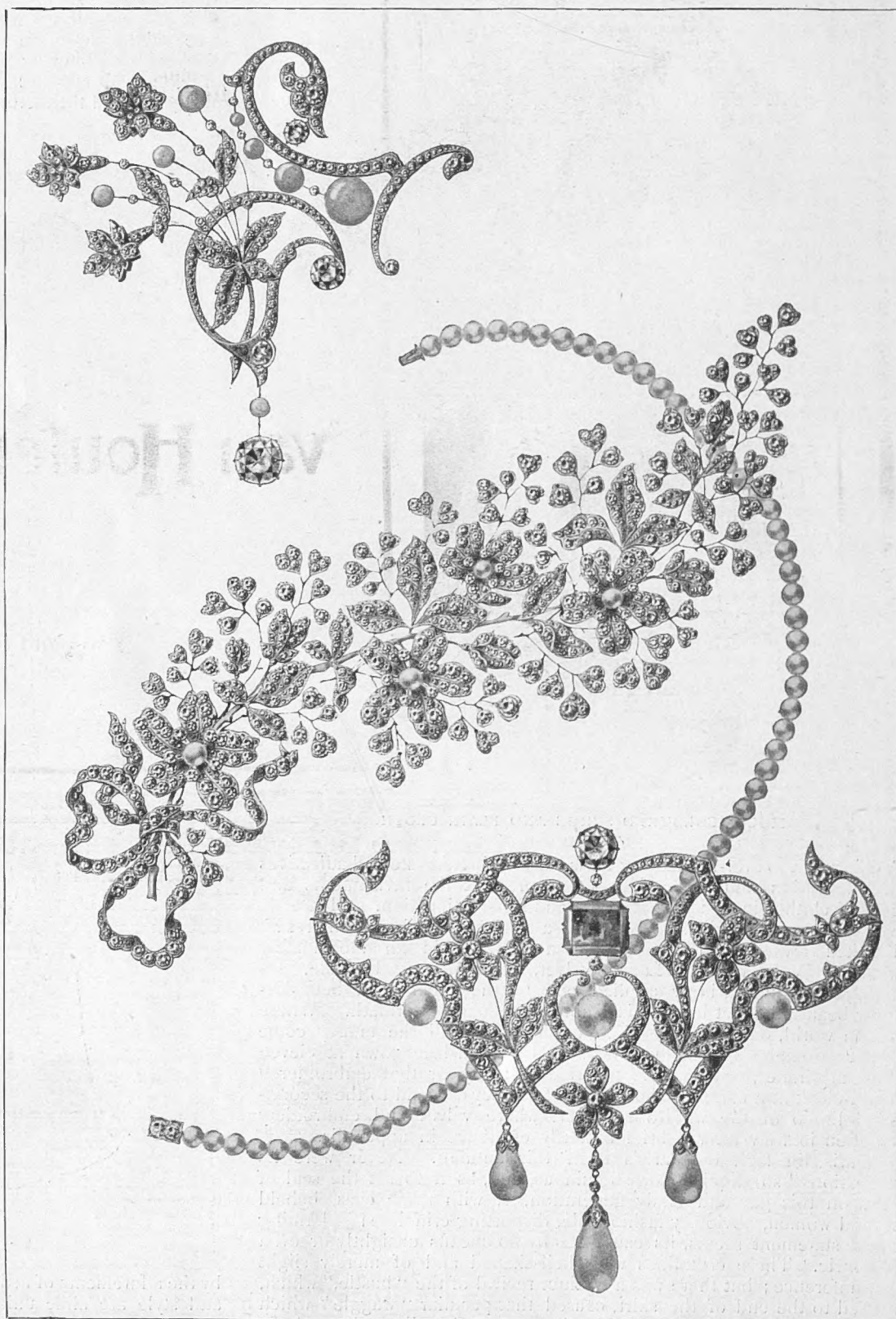
Brighton Season.—The Railway Company are announcing that the "Brighton in sixty minutes" Pullman Limited Express will resume running every Sunday on and from Oct. 4, from Victoria 11 a.m., returning from Brighton 9 p.m.

A cure at Marienbad, Carlsbad, or any other famous resort is often beyond the means of the average person, but the most efficient substitute for a cure, equal to that obtained at foreign spas, is to be found in the natural mineral water obtained from the Arabella Springs in Hungaria. The water is recommended very highly by European medical authorities and possesses all the elements wanted for such a cure.

Amateur photographers who have brought back photos of their summer holiday resorts will be interested to learn that the Oxo Company are offering enlargements of photographs free of charge in exchange for Oxo coupons. The offer extends to any subject which is not specially copyrighted, so that collectors of Oxo coupons can obtain enlargements of their own portraits, those of their friends, or of any photograph they have taken themselves of a favourite resort or any kindred subject. The idea strikes us as being eminently practical.

#### THE NEW GAIETY AND THE OLD.

In another portion of this issue a series of photographs is presented which cannot fail to be of great interest to theatre-goers in general and Gaiety-goers in particular. The New Gaiety, now nearing completion, naturally comes first, its exterior and interior both being illustrated. The exterior view speaks for itself; as to the interior, it need only be said that it will be one of the most beautiful and comfortable theatres in London. The scheme of decoration is of the most elaborate yet chaste description, and plenty of space is allowed for people to pass between the rows of seats. Mr. George Edwardes next claims your attention. Both as controller of various London theatres and of numerous Touring Companies, and, what is perhaps more rare, as a successful owner of racehorses, Mr. Edwardes looms large in the eye of the public, and with the opening of the New Gaiety he will doubtless add yet another to his personal triumphs. Throughout his career as manager, Mr. Edwardes has made it a rule to leave nothing to chance, and that is probably the reason of his success. Judgment, accurate, clear, unerring, as to what the public wants, coupled with work, ungrudging, tedious, and serious, are the two pedestals on which this Colossus of amusement plants his feet firmly. The last page of the four is not by any means the least interesting, for there will be found the portraits of several popular actors and actresses well known on the Old Gaiety boards and who will doubtless delight visitors to the new theatre.



NEW JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 13.*

## MONEY AND THE MARKETS.

THE Bank Rate was not put up to 5 per cent., as a good many people expected, but the relief failed even for a few hours to brighten the markets. If the Bank Directors had raised the rate, everything would have been marked down; but such is the state of dry-rot now existing in the Stock Markets that no corresponding marking up was even attempted. Jobbers complain that there is no business, and, if a broker appears, many of them will scarcely "make a price" in the best class of investment stocks, for fear of having a purchase thrust upon them; and, as the devil always finds mischief for idle hands to do, Capel Court is full of all kinds of pessimistic rumours, in which the names of even leading Joint-stock Banks are bandied about with a freedom that might easily produce results more serious than some of the scandal-mongers would care to contemplate.

How low the spirits of the Stock Exchange have fallen may be judged from the following story, which was told us in all seriousness by a member of the House this week. A jobber had brought off a deal which gave him a profit of £3 5s. 6d., and was so elated at his good-fortune, that he begged a friend—also a member—to come out and have a drink with him, to celebrate the biggest profit he had made this month. When they got to the Lyons establishment, the fortunate one asked his companion "to give it a name." "Well, if you don't mind, I would rather have a plate of cold meat, old man," was the reply, "for, to tell you the truth, I have not tasted a decent bit of food for two days!"

We don't believe it, nor are we collecting subscriptions for indigent members of the Stock Exchange, but people don't tell that sort of tale in good times.

## SILVER.

The white metal is the one bright spot in the otherwise overcast financial horizon, and when all kinds of stock, to say nothing of most metals, are going down from day to day, silver is moving up by leaps and bounds. Our readers are probably neither bulls nor bears of silver, and, very likely, think the Metal Market is of no interest to them; but while lead, tin, and suchlike things may be of little importance to the ordinary investor or speculator, the Silver Market is one of the most important factors in the value of so many securities, that any serious improvement in its price affects the fortunes of many more people than are aware of it.

To the holders of Mexican Rails, and, indeed, of all things Mexican, an improvement in silver is a godsend. Chinese, Japanese, and all Eastern concerns, in normal times, respond to a rise in silver with considerable alacrity, and even in these dull days a strong market for the white metal prevents silver securities from tumbling down at the same rate as everything else.

To the holder of Mexican Rails, a penny an ounce on silver is better than the fattest traffic-return, and just now the market looks really good. Eastern trade is active, the stock held by the Indian Government is small, and considerable purchases have been made within the last few days for coinage purposes. The bears think that further amounts must be bought for both the Indian bazaars and the Government, and they have assisted the rise by their hurry to scramble in.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

Will it be in three months, six, nine, or a year before we are all cursing ourselves for having missed the opportunities that now present themselves—more plentifully

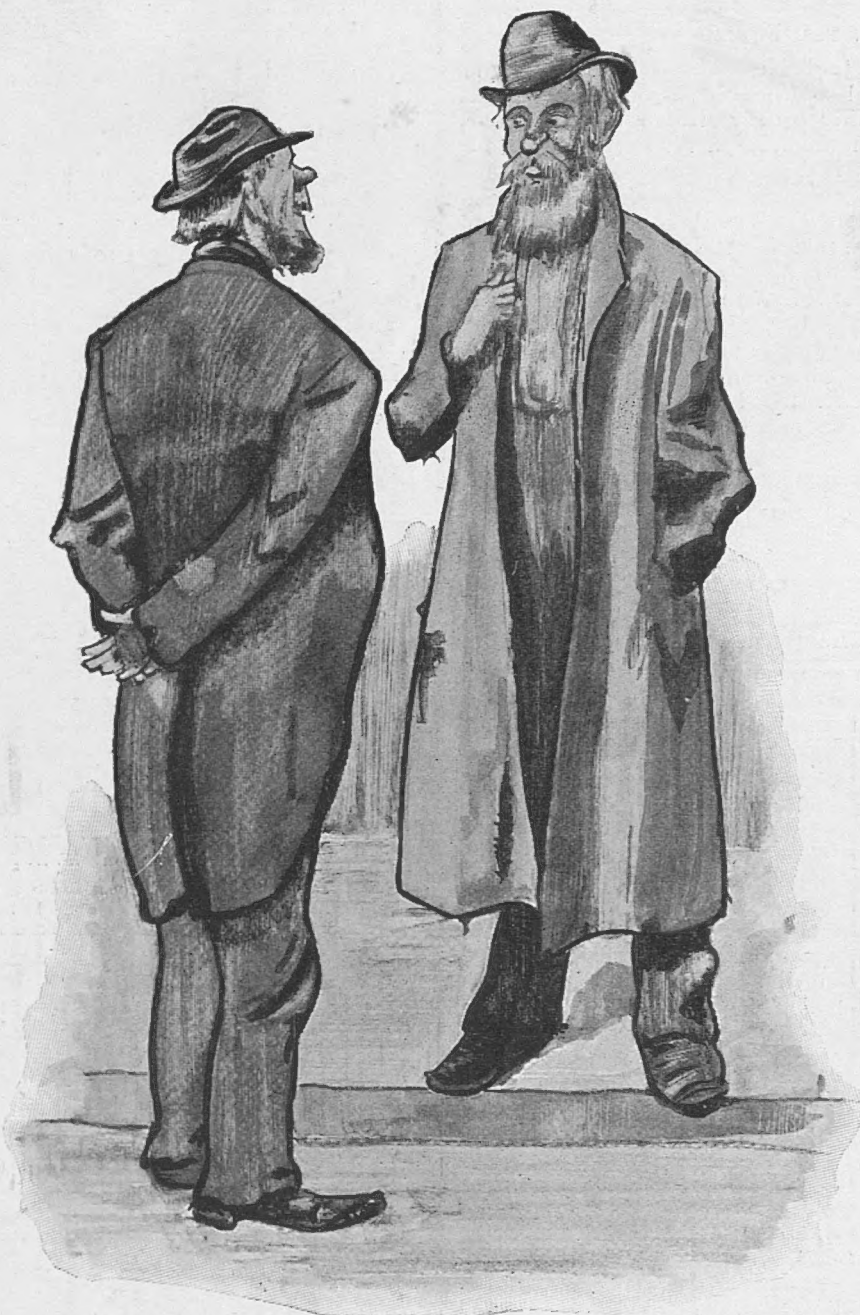
than blackberries—of picking up cheap stock? Assuredly the day will come when we shall tear what hair is left to us, and the very remembrance of what prices went to in 1903 will be gall and wormwood to those of us who haven't got the pluck or the money, or both, to adventure into the markets to-day. But we must all confess that it takes some screwing-up of the courage to even advise other people to buy at a time like this, when every market in the House has got the blues, when vague rumours point to the possible fall of half-a-dozen of the big City banks, when the pessimists openly hope for a thoroughly good "smash-up" as the only way by which the air can be cleared preparatory to a return of confidence on the part of the public. Such talk is all very well in its way; it is good, I suppose, that there should be thorns in the press to buffet us, but these lugubrious talkers don't seem to take into account the years of waiting that would be necessary before the effect of a financial crash could be allayed. Times are bad enough in all conscience without people trying to make them worse, and I think that the City has a very real cause of complaint against the ex-strong-man of the Government for springing proposals of such a drastic change upon the country four months ago. If I remember aright, it was at the end of May when Mr. Chamberlain flung his bomb-shell into the political world, and now, after four months of incessant palaver, we are no nearer a definite knowledge of what the Government intends to do

with regard to the fiscal problems. The uncertainty in reference to this is nearly, if not quite, as bad for business as that which exists with regard to the Bank Rate. I am no politician—have not even made up a naturally ill-balanced mind upon the Tariff questions—but I am sure that the present state of uncertainty is disastrous, and the way many things have been managed by this Government would disgrace the Board of a West Australian Mining Company—which is saying a good deal!

There are a great many of us in the House who cast covetous eyes upon the announcement that a well-known dealer in the Home Railway Market is about to retire to enjoy a well-earned rest. His strong personality will be a distinct miss to the Brighton "A" market, and there are not many men who possess the distinction of giving their own name to a little boomlet engineered by themselves. The retiree will carry with him a host of good wishes for pleasant repose, and a long life in which to enjoy it. Twenty-seven years is a good slice of one's life to devote to Capel Court, but it is not so long as the time given by poor Michael Séfi, who died last week. He had been a member for thirty-one years, and those who attach importance to presentiments can quote him as a case in their favour. About ten days before his sudden death, he came into the House to say farewell to a few choice friends. To one of these he declared that he was "breaking up"—said he knew he would be dead before long. The member he was talking to treated it as a joke and told him he was good for years yet, as, indeed, he seemed to be, the fifty-fourth being his last birthday. But in less than a fortnight poor Séfi's presentiment came true.

Amongst the falling of Colonials, a noticeable feature is the steadiness of the Canadian issues. At a time when it is almost impossible to get the lowest price quoted in the Stock Exchange Official List for anything like a line of Colonial stock, there are generally buyers to be found of Canadian Government securities. The same remark applies in a smaller degree to the Loans of the various Canadian Corporations, and it is evident that the object-lesson afforded by the wheat-arch in Whitehall has left a profound impression upon the mind of the investor, who has also had the further witness of the Dominion's prosperity in the shape of her recent wonderful harvest, which has taken out so much of England's best labouring-class blood to assist in garnering. It is the securities which best stand such shocks as are befalling

us that deserve most consideration from the shrewd buyer. The slump in Grand Trunks came only just lately, and I consider that the fancifully named Guaranteed Stock should make an excellent 4 per cent. investment, while the Second Preference at about par, full of a 2½ per cent. dividend, is also a desirable acquisition amongst stocks on a slightly lower plane. It is said that the senior issues of the Trunk Company have come heavily to market in consequence of sales on behalf of the executors of a recently deceased proprietor in the North of England who held a large block of Firsts and Seconds. Then the market had the new issue of Guaranteed Stock to contend with, to say nothing of the flatness of Yankees and the all-round slump in the general investment markets. Without going the enthusiastic lengths of bullishness indulged in by any of the Sunday papers, it seems likely that the Trunk varieties will recover before long. Another market that should not be overlooked is the Mexican Railway. Here, too, there has been pretty consistent steadiness, but the rise in silver would have taken Mexican Firsts to 80 under ordinary conditions, and, since the advance in the price of the metal looks like continuing, there is no reason why the stock should not follow it directly the financial outlook becomes less clouded. And Argentine Government bonds, too, have preserved their presence of mind and prices with remarkable fortitude, a fact that the speculative investor might well "make a note of." So one might go round the markets and point out, here and there, the sections which have come off least badly in the shake-out, giving a reasonable expectation that, when the tide turns, these things which have kept steady through the critical time will be amongst the first to rally as soon as the public



IN THROGMORTON STREET.

*"Know anythink?"**"Yus! Consols 'ave fell again to-day, I 'ear."*



purse-strings unloose sufficiently for money to flow into, instead of away from, the markets of the Stock Exchange.

Inspiration for the Kaffir Circus can only be found in some negative direction. If you want to console those who are sick of South Africans, you have to quote some such lines as these—

“There is in the worst of fortunes  
The best of chances for a happy change.”

Even the philosophical spirit breathed by such a couplet does not go very far when one has not opened a jobbing-book for days, except to look at the shares that are “on it” at higher prices, and the dullness of business is enough to give anyone an attack of what Mr. J. M. Barrie’s admirers might call the “Little-Mary ache.” It can only be repeated that the big houses hold the situation hollowed in their hand, but they decline to make a move, and, in the present temper of the public, I doubt whether they would get many people to follow them even if they should initiate a rise. One feels so awfully sorry for the unfortunate scribes who have to turn out a column or so per day in the newspapers in respect of a market that is so utterly lifeless. It must be easier to make Cabinets than copy—of the financial kind—nowadays, and mine own City Editor of this skittish journal has my heartfelt sympathy in having to build up three columns of matter week by week. You would not like to have to do it, my dear sir? No, neither would

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### THE FALL IN THE FUNDS.

Opinions in the City as to the probable course of Consols in the immediate future are as unsettled as the convictions of a Prime Minister, and the camps seem fairly equally divided which, on one side, prophesy a fall to 85, and, on the other, a recovery to over 90. What the bulls look to for salvation is the Government, and purchases on behalf of the Post Office and Treasury at a time like the present would have an instantaneously good effect. Once there comes a turn in the market, we shall, no doubt, be told that the alleged bull account exists in name only, and that there has really been a scarcity of stock for months past. The fall is sufficiently severe to make the chance of a rebound at least possible, and directly it becomes apparent that the tone has changed there will be an anxious tumble in of many who are only waiting for Consols to touch bottom before they begin to buy. But whether the lowest level has yet been reached is a difficult matter to determine. Politics may be laid on one side as a more or less negligible quantity in the situation, although the Bulgarian outlook does not make for pacific international markets. The thing that tells, of course, is the monetary position, and here the outlook for the rest of this year remains both obscure and troubled. Nobody would be surprised at a further rise in the Bank Rate to 5 per cent., and, if that comes, the attraction of a purchase of Consols will be less than ever.

#### YANKEE EMOTIONS.

To rise a dollar one day in order that they may fall a couple on the next is apparently the chief aim and ambition of Yankee Railroad shares at the present time, and the market offers nothing more than a hand in what is virtually a game of pitch-and-toss. Manifestly, the big people on the other side have got as much as ever they can do to look after their own particular cabbage-patches, and the exceeding weakness of the Steel Trust issues has a significance which the student of the Yankee Market is not likely to miss. It cannot be well conceived that the paternal houses of the Steel Trust would have allowed the price of the Common shares to dwindle to a rubbish quotation, if their hands had been perfectly free to come to the aid of the falling market, and it is not as though the Common shares were the only issue to be affected; both the Preferred shares and the Second bonds are suffering similarly. The Anti-Trust campaign, in view of the Presidential election, has hardly been commenced: what will happen when the Party leaders get their big guns on to these unwieldy organisations it is impossible to say.

Saturday, Sept. 26, 1903.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the “City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand.”

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

R. P.—Things are so dreadfully depressed that, unless you must realise, we should say hold your whole list. It is very likely that every one of your shares may go worse. The two Salisbury concerns we have no faith in—in fact, we do not like the Rhodesian Companies. The Kalgoorlie affair is a long shot which might turn out a second Great Boulder or nothing. If you want to realise, sell everything except the first three.

SIMPLICITY.—The broker is quite right. You cannot expect him to carry on a speculative account for you without money in hand or such satisfactory references that he may reckon on getting paid on settling-day. If you do not wish a friend written to, get your banker to tell the broker’s banker that you are a person who can be trusted up to a few hundreds.

E. P. O.—Your Railways and Industrials have gone down, but it would have been the same thing if you had held Consols, Colonials, or suchlike investments, and everything in your list is sound. Hold on and your income will not suffer.

ANDY.—We cannot discuss the Irish Land Act in this column.

ANXIOUS.—See this week’s Notes.

The Directors of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, have declared an interim dividend at the rate of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares of the Company for the six months to July 31. The Directors have also declared a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the £5 five per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of the Company for the six months to Sept. 25, the warrants for which have been posted.

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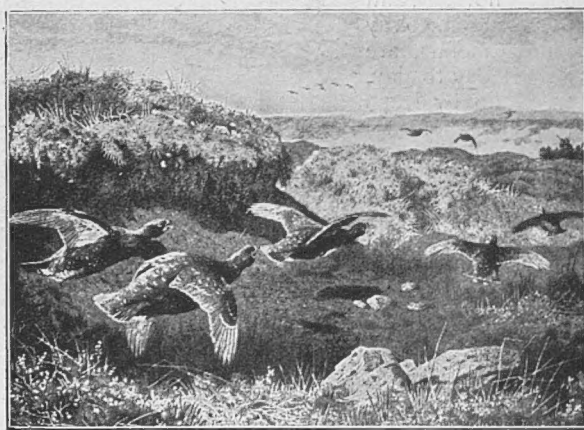


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